

DECEMBER 21, 1955

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE SARA QUADS



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Eric.

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Kevin.

The Lucke Quads

Mrs. Sara meets Mrs. Lucke—see pages 16-17



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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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DECEMBER 21, 1955

Vol. 21, No.

### BANNING THE BOMB

WITH Christmas so close nothing could be more appropriate than the recent statement about atom-bomb tests made by Britain's Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden.

Replying to a question in the House of Commons, Sir Anthony said Britain is willing to discuss "at any time and in any place" international suggestions for banning tests of nuclear weapons.

*Such sweet reasonableness in this season of peace and goodwill is something good to hear.*

To most people the little they know about atomic and hydrogen bombs is horrifying enough. The thought of the larger amount they don't know is even more horrifying.

Compared with other bombs, which if dropped in deserted areas do little more than make a large bang and a big hole, nuclear bombs are an unknown quantity. They make the bang and the hole all right, but what other damage they do no one knows for certain.

The precise extent of the effects of radiation is something no one can be sure about, not yet, anyhow.

Scientists differ pretty sharply among themselves about it. Some experts pooh-pooh the idea that testing atomic bombs on lonely Pacific islands or in Siberian wastes can be dangerous to people thousands of miles away.

Others, equally expert, aren't so sure.

*Between the differing experts the lay man and woman are left in a state of anxious uncertainty.*

This uncertainty is in no way relieved by international bickering about who has already tested most bombs. All the laymen can hope is that Sir Anthony, and other world leaders, will agree to hold their banning discussions before their bombing demonstrations.

After may be too late.

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### Our cover:

● In the composite picture of the Santa and Lucke quads, Henry Lucke, grandfather of the Luckes, is playing Santa Claus. Bill Carty, who took the picture of the Luckes, tried hard to put the babies to sleep before Santa came. But the sight of Grandpa's scarlet cloak was too fascinating, and the quads wouldn't close an eye while he was round.

### This week:

● One of those coincidences beloved of stage people is concerned with "Kismet," the Arabian Nights musical featured on pages 24 and 25. Oscar Asche, a boy from Geelong, Vic., went a long way to establishing his fame with the original "Kismet," which he brought to Australia in 1912. In this new version another Geelong native, Madge Stephens, is getting her first big break. Her fans are confident Geelong's fame will go as far with her and "Kismet" as it did with Asche and the same play 43 years ago.

### Next week:

● Six short stories, the first episode of a new two-part serial, and another instalment of "Marjorie Morningstar" will make next week's paper ideal holiday reading. Further details of this special fiction issue are given elsewhere in this paper.

● A picture to frame will also appear next week. It's a beautiful reproduction of a painting by Grandma Moses—the 93-year-old American who is hailed as one of the world's great artists.

● Color pictures of seven historic churches where Australians will worship on Christmas Day will be another topical feature. The churches vary from great cathedrals to the tiny chapel of the Lutheran Mission at Hermannsburg, Central Australia.

### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

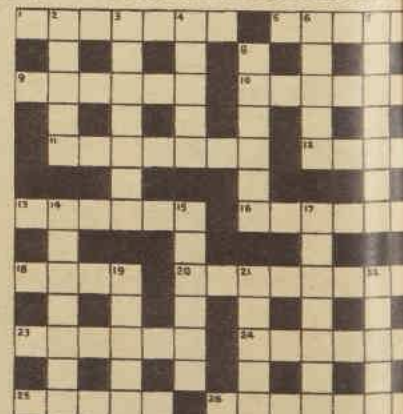
#### ACROSS

- Brief study in acoustics (7).
- Can be considered as the urgency of movement (5).
- May snap a lot but never bites (6).
- Flower pot covers containing a mob of cattle (6).
- See list (Anagr. 7).
- The sailor and the French are gifted (4).
- Lend ear to a saint in mortgage (6).
- Send out goods, with not included (4).
- Not the whole where the share is turned (4).
- Drink from the very end of a bird (8).
- He is in the groups to sleep on or to write on (5).
- Even the half of this feline quadruped is a lot (6).
- Bluish-grey by itself (5).
- Language made of his snap (7).

Solution will be published next week.

AUSTRALIA  
MELBOURNE  
ABANDON  
RUSSELL  
CABIN  
BILL  
GLOUCESTER  
REINTEGRATION  
AND DAB  
MEL DRILL  
BILLED TINI  
LARGE EARRINGS  
EXTENT RSE  
REAL LOCHIEL

Solution of last week's crossword.



#### DOWN

- Lower a groundwork (5).
- Exaggerate above the part of a play (7).
- May be unsuitable but it is worth a pint (5).
- A near sphere of action (5).
- You may call this child a learner of self-propulsion (7).
- Loved by Cupid but hated by Venus (6).
- Russian ruler with an earth-scraper is the banished son of a noble Saxon (7).
- Most pleasing with a very cold heart (6).
- Strike gently a seabird as a sample (7).
- Pants for a Highlander (5).
- Inflammatory disease the part behind the saddle (5).
- A study, with wrong ending, holy pictures (5).



# Manhattan Serenade

A short story by Hal and Barbara Borland

SOME people meet at the library, some in Bryant Park, some under the clock at the Biltmore. Mike met Liz at the corner of 47th and Madison on a Friday noon just at the end of lunch-hour.

She was going back to the shop, wondering if mauve upholstery and chartreuse drapes would look garish or merely startling.

He stopped her and said, "What's your name?" He was tall and blond as Ohio wheat and had laughing blue eyes and a soft, low-pitched voice.

Before she knew, she said, "Lisa. Liz Douglas."

"Where do you work?" he asked. She said, "At the Seaton Decorating Shop."

He nodded, said "Thanks," and went on up Madison Avenue. Liz stood there in the midst of the crowd, staring after him, and she said, "Liz Douglas, what a fool you are!" Someone jostled her and someone laughed and she flushed and hurried towards the shop, heels clicking angrily, pert nose high. Then she began to laugh.

It was one of those crazy-funny things that happen to people. She went back to the shop and began laying out the chartreuse drapes, and forgot about it. Till three o'clock, when Mrs. Seaton said, "Liz! Phone for you, Liz."

She took the phone and said, "Yes?"

He said, "Lisa, you're having dinner with me tonight."

"I'm what?" Then she asked sharply, "Who's calling?"

He laughed. Even before he said his name she knew who it was, because the laugh in his voice was like the laugh in his eyes. He said, "Mike Graham. Maximilian Graham. We've met. Remember? How about seven o'clock?"

"Why — why," she gasped, "I wouldn't think of —"

"Seven-thirty, then. What's the address, Lisa?"

Maybe it was the way he said her name. Maybe he took her by surprise again. She gave him the address. Then hung up, banged the phone, angry with herself. She knew a gag when she heard one.

At five o'clock she hurried home to relax in a bath, put on the navy sheer, and go down to Luigi's early and eat alone. If Maximilian came — oh, he wouldn't come! — he could cool his heels.

She went into the apartment building and the elevator boy handed her two florist boxes, one long and green, one square, fat, and green-and-white striped.

In her apartment she opened them. Gorgeous long-stemmed red roses and a corsage of yellow spray orchids. She stared unbelieving, got a vase for the roses, and knew the navy sheer wouldn't do at all. And forgot about Luigi's.

Mike arrived on the dot of 7.30. She went down wearing her yellow bouffant dotted Swiss. And knowing, though she hadn't a notion why, that he would have on dinner clothes. He had. She did expect a taxi, though, not a long, gleaming, blue-and-chrome convertible.

She watched him try several of the dash buttons before he found the lights, and was just wondering when the cops would arrive when he said,

"Brand new. I got it just for you. So you'd marry me."

She sat stunned while he drove uptown and over towards the river on the East Side to a restaurant with two epauletted doormen. He tipped a head waiter and two other waiters in turn and got the best table in the place.

Then he ordered from a menu with prices that started where most prices leave off. Then he said, "You're lovely, Lisa. Tell me all about you."

She said, "Hadden't you better tell me about you, first?"

He laughed. "What's there to tell? Here I am, here are you, the town's ours. We're going to a show and dance. And tomorrow —"

"I'm busy tomorrow."

"The house-cleaning can wait," he said, "and your hair doesn't really need washing. It's beautiful hair!"

She laughed in spite of herself.

"How long have you been in New York?" he asked.

"Not quite a year. But — how did you know?"

He smiled. He had a nice smile, not at all playboyish. She'd never met a playboy, but she knew the playboy smile would have a leer in it somewhere. He asked, "From Indiana?"

"Ohio," she said as the waiter came with their first course.

Afterwards they went to the new hit musical. Late, of course, but musicals haven't much beginning or end; you can go when you wish and leave when you please. And from there they went to the highest, gayest, best-orchestrated roof in town.

They danced till she said they'd better go. He said, "It's only one o'clock out in Ohio." She said, "It's two here and it's late."

He took her home. In the car at the door he asked, "Is ten o'clock too early for breakfast?"

"Much too early!" She wanted to laugh, but she knew that if she laughed she'd wake up and be sad because it was only a dream.

He said, "We'll make it eleven, then," and took her to the elevator. She was so sure it was a dream that she tiptoed down the hall to her door. But inside were the red roses and there on her dress were the orchids. But it was a dream; she dreamed of him all night.

If Friday had been a dream, Saturday was a fantasy. They breakfasted at a terrace restaurant beside the park. Then they drove through the park and when she said, "It's cool! It's green! It's wonderful!" he drove out into the green country to a little town with a green where small boys were playing baseball. Across the street was a drugstore.

Liza said, "When I was little I used to think heaven would be free ice-cream sodas." Mike said, "Let's do it!" She said, "Do what?" But Mike was out of the car, going into the drugstore. He came back wearing a white coat and said, "Get in there behind the counter, Angel!" And went across the street to summon the kids.

She and Mike served free sodas for an hour to every youngster in town while the druggist watched, awe in his eyes, and counted. When every kid had been served at least twice, Mike paid the druggist some fabulous sum and they drove back to the city.

They drove back along the river and Lisa exclaimed at the boats. Mike said, "There are nice boats on the lake in Ohio." She said, "Not where I come from! The biggest boat I've ever been in is a rowboat."

So Mike stopped at a yacht basin and talked to man and came back to her and she said, "Now what?" He said, "Come on," and they went aboard a cruiser that looked a block long, all teak and mahogany and power.

For two hours the crew of three cruised them down the Hudson and out in the bay and back around the island. Mike paid for the ride with yellow-backed bills.

At dinner she said, "Mike, you're fantastic."

He looked at her with that smile and said, "I'm just a simple guy in love with you, Lisa."

She said, "Doesn't money mean anything to you?"

"Sometimes," he said, "But it's no fun spending money alone."

"Can't you do anything the simple way?" she asked. "Did you ever go on a picnic, for instance?"

"Picnic!" he exclaimed. "We'll have one tomorrow!"

She was too tired to make more than token objection.

Lisa had dreamed, as any girl, of sometime having a big whirl, so big she would have no time to stop or rest or think. I'm having it now, she thought on the way to the theatre. But — but it doesn't mean anything. Because Mike isn't the man? Is that why? The man I marry —

She didn't finish the thought. Mike interrupted her. He said, "Stop frowning and say you'll marry me, and she had to laugh at him.

She was whirled out, bushed, exhausted by one-thirty. Mike took her home and he said at the door, "Sleep till noon. I'll be here at one-thirty for the picnic."

And she couldn't tell him yes or no or anything else except good-night. She wasn't even sure he kissed her, but she thought he did.

She slept till noon, wakened in a cool tub, and dressed for a picnic. At one-thirty she heard a hubbub in the street, ten floors below. She opened the window and looked down. There was the convertible. There was Mike. There two Italian street singers.

Mike was playing one of the singer's mandolins and singing with them, serenading her. A delighted crowd began to gather across the street. They saw Lisa at the window and began to cheer. She slammed the window. Five minutes later Mike was at the door.

"You fool!" she said. "You clown! What kind of a picnic —"

Mike, a bulging paper bag in each arm, pushed past her and looked around and found the kitchen. Lisa flung herself into a chair and tried to ignore him. He banged pans, let the water run at the sink, and

To page 37

If all this was a dream — Mike, the car, the trips, the parties — then it was certainly the most fantastic one Liz had ever dreamed.





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# Marjorie Morningstar

## Sixth instalment of our arresting eight-part serial

ATTRACTIVE MARJORIE MORGENSTERN and temperamental song-writer NOEL AIRMAN have been insatuated with each other since they met at the adult summer camp South Wind, where Noel was in charge of dramatic productions. It is an erratic, unsatisfactory affair, causing concern to Marjorie's conventional parents, but although Noel vows he will never marry, he and Marjorie are both too deeply in love to break with each other.

Marjorie, meanwhile, is trying to establish herself as an actress, with the stage name Morningstar. Her many associates include MARSHA ZELENKO, who first took her to South Wind, and WALLY WRONKEN, who also works there.

Noel, whose real name is SAUL EHRMANN, seems to be settling down when he takes a film-story editing job with SAM ROTHMORE, of Paramount Pictures. However, this ends with one of his worst temperamental outbreaks, when he disappears from the job, has a violent affair with IMOGENE NORMAND, and goes off to Brazil, after telling Marjorie that he and she are "through."

Marjorie tries desperately to interest herself in a new admirer, DR. MORRIS SHAPIRO. A greater consolation comes when she is engaged as an apprentice actress at the Rip Van Winkle Summer Theatre. NOW READ ON:

**M**ARJORIE went off to the Rip Van Winkle Theatre. Six weeks later, on an extremely muggy August afternoon, she appeared bag and baggage at the Morgenstern apartment, looking flushed, extremely tired, and dirty. She vanished into her room with hardly a word of greeting to her mother.

At the dinner-table she showed up fresh and elegant, but full of mysterious wrath, and coughing violently from time to time. Her answers to questions about her work at the summer theatre and her reasons for coming home were short and very uninformative.

She kept up this lowering silence for a couple of days, and spent most of the time on her bed in a house-coat, reading, and coughing. The cough gradually improved, but her mood didn't seem to.

It was Wally Wronken to whom she finally unburdened herself. He came in from South Wind to see his parents off to Europe. With an evening to spend alone in town, he forlornly called Marjorie's parents to ask how she was, and found himself talking to her. She readily accepted his happy, stammered invitation to dinner.

"I'm still furious," she said to him. "I can hardly bring myself to discuss it." They were at a small expensive steak house in the theatre district. "I know what you probably think and what my parents certainly think—that I ran blubbering home because the work was too hard, and I wasn't getting all the star parts."

Wally said solemnly, "Marge, I know you better than that." After a dangerous glance at him she went on, "Well, I don't much care what anybody thinks. But, believe me, I stayed on for weeks after I saw I ought to quit, simply because I didn't want to have that said about me. I was going to stick the season out no matter what. But then Morris came up last Saturday and when—"

"Morris? That's a new name. Who's Morris?" "Don't you know about Morris? Well, he's a very nice guy, a doctor—but never mind pulling such a long face, Wally, it's nothing like that. And it's about time you stopped all that phony languishing. Anyway—listen, Wally, I worked like a dog at the Rip Van Winkle. You can ask any of the kids who were there. I was up late, night after night, sewing costumes, carpentering—I turned out to be surprisingly handy with a hammer and saw. You never know what you can do till you try."

Wally wrinkled his long nose at her. "Hammer and saw? You?"

"Dear, mostly what I did at Rip Van Winkle was build scenery. Oh, and nail up double-decker bunks, and repair the roof when it rained in on us, and such things—"

"Marge, don't they have men up there?"

"Don't talk to me about men, Wally. That is, actor-men. I swear to you, Wally, compared to the average actor, a peacock is a beast of burden. I think they exhaust themselves with all that running a comb through their hair. And a girl is supposed to fall down curling with ecstasy if one of them so much as asks her what time it is. You see, there are four girls for every man at the Rip. Maybe it's that way at all summer theatres. I don't know—anyway, I found myself working like a slave, my hands all blisters, no sleep—

and mind you, I like working on scenery and costumes, I like anything remotely connected with the theatre, but there's such a thing as enough—"

"There were other girls, weren't there? How did you get so loaded with work?"

"It wasn't me alone. Me and a couple of others. That's Cliff Rymer's fiendishly clever system. Oh, I tell you he's got it down pat. He'll work the last drop of blood out of a girl, a girl with any real desire to act, that is. He hardly bothers the boys. Obviously he hates girls. He used to stand around and watch us hammering flats together in the broiling sun, just stand there, with a look on his face like a kid pulling wings off a butterfly. He dangles a star part under your nose, see? Like for me, Eliza in 'Pygmalion,' my old standby. Another girl was on the hook the same way for Anna in 'Anna Christie.' She glowered furiously."

"Naturally, if you think there's a chance you want to please and impress Cliff Rymer. So, you work, you smile, chin up, you take walk-ons, you kill yourself building sets, you go two weeks without a part and you smile sweetly selling tickets or working as an usher—and it gets mighty cold at night in an evening dress in that barn in Sleepy Hollow, let me tell you. I caught the most horrible cold. It kept me out of shows, but not out of carpentering, of course. You can hammer and saw between coughs. And Mr. Rymer is pleased and drops another word about Eliza and you're happy."

"Did you get to play any parts?"

"A few bits, yes—" She put her napkin over her mouth and had a paroxysm of coughing. "I thought I was over this. I haven't coughed all day. Morris had a real fit when he heard me coughing. He's a doctor, you know. It was Saturday afternoon, and I was staying in bed trying to shake the thing off so I wouldn't cough during the show. I was supposed to be an usher. Morris said if I left the bed to be an usher that night he'd never talk to me again. When he saw me come into the theatre in a bareback evening dress he just turned purple. So we had a big battle afterwards. But he was absolutely right. I'd just found that I couldn't possibly

play Eliza. The part had been promised to another girl way back in June. Oh, I hated, really, really hated, Wally, to leave my dad's money in Cliff Rymer's little fat paws. No refunds, of course, if you quit. But I've figured that out. I'll get a job, if it's scrubbing floors, to pay Dad back."

Wally said, "Rymer'll never run out of slave labor, will he? No matter how many he disillusions, there's always a new crop of girls every year dying to go on the stage."

"There sure is. Noel always said that."

"How is Noel?" Wally said, carefully pouring the coffee.

"Oh, fine."

"In Mexico, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"How long is he going to be there?"

"Haven't the vaguest idea. Until his royalties on 'Old Moon Face' run out, I guess."

After a moment's pause Wally said, "What's all this about his going to Hollywood?"

With a pang of astonishment which she did her best to hide, she said, "Hollywood? That's news to me."

"He wrote Grech that he's got a Hollywood offer. He's going there when he gets tired of Mexico."

"Well, how nice."

"Strange he didn't write you about it."

"Strange? How so?"

"Marge, have you and Noel broken up?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 21, 1955



# By HERMAN WOUK

## AUTHOR OF "THE CAINE MUTINY"

Marjorie sipped coffee. "There was nothing to break up, Wally. Noel Airman's just a pleasant ghost. Now you see him, now you don't. I had a marvellous time with him, and I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. But he's melted into thin air now, so far as I'm concerned, and a good thing, too, no doubt—"

"Margie, why don't you come back to South Wind for the rest of the summer?"

"Me? South Wind?"

"Greech would take you back in a minute. He talks about you a lot."

"I'll never go back there, Wally."

"Well, of course, it would be too good to be true, having you to myself up there. Anyway, I'm also writing a brilliant farce. Greech mistakenly thinks I'm coming back next year. Next year I'll be famous, and rich, and independent. In fact, can't I beat you into insensibility with my prowess and my prospects, and drag you off by the hair to my cave?"

"You almost sound like Noel." She smiled. "I feel better. Wouldn't you like to take me dancing? I'm having fun."

"Why, of course. I'll take you anywhere you say, till dawn, you know that."

His dancing had very much improved. She said to him during a slow fox trot, leaning back in his arms, "I think you've got a girl."

"Thousands, if you want to know."

"No. One. Somebody's been working on you."

"How do you like the result?"

"Just don't get too smooth. You wouldn't be yourself any more. I'm getting bored with clever writers. I think I'll marry a doctor and get it over with, just as Noel prophesied. No use fighting it."

"Dr. Morris?"

"Morris Shapiro is the

name. Maybe, who knows? He's really a great guy, once you get to know him."

"He has a discordable sound."

"Just for that, I will marry him."

"Marjorie Shapiro," Wally said meditatively. "No. I don't feel the cold clutch at my heart. There's no fate in it."

"That's exactly the name Noel predicted for me strangely enough. Marjorie Shapiro."

When the taxi drew up in front of her home at half-past one in the morning, she held her face up to him unthinkingly for a kiss.

"Nothing doing," Wally said.

It startled her. She was rather sleepy. She peered at him dropping her chin. "Huh?"

He took her hand. "You won't really marry Dr. Shapiro yet, will you? I mean, there's another couple of years yet."

"Oh, you fool!" She put her hand to his face for a moment. "If it gives you pleasure to carry on like that, I'm sure I don't mind. I'll warn you before I marry Dr. Shapiro."

"Promise."

"Okay. I promise." She laughed. "Small danger, since you insist on worming it out of me."

With the humiliation of the summer theatre fiasco—of having wasted ninety dollars and six weeks, of having crawled home defeated and bilked, exactly as her mother had predicted—Marjorie struck bottom in her own soul.

She told herself that unless she was paid real money for acting—the amount didn't matter, a dollar would be enough to start with, symbolically—but unless she earned that dollar,

To page 39

"Listen, kid," Marsha flung at Marjorie, "when it comes to insensitivity you're the world's champion for your weight and size."





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# Two miles from Christmas



By **ELDRED WHITE**

*The little girl was asleep, leaning against her sister, who was sitting up straight and still in the old sulky.*

THERE was nothing to do. For the umpteenth time since lunch, I mooched round to the front gate to see if there was anything to see.

The gate sagged and scraped in the dirt. You couldn't swing on it any more. The sun was still high and hot in the sky. And we wouldn't be going to town until half past six. Maybe not till seven.

"After tea," Mum had said, her face red from the fuel stove. "Stop bothering me, David. Stop your grizzling. We're not going to town in this heat."

Nothing moved. The three buildings opposite nudged each other at the trough of the road and the shimmer of heat rising from their corrugated-iron roofs made me squint.

The door of Mrs. Golightly's store, next to the pub, was open, but nobody went in and nobody came out. It was no use going down to the blacksmith's. The anvil was silent, the fire in the forge out.

I knew where old Jensen, the blacksmith, was. Right over there behind the swinging doors of the pub. He went in after lunch and he wouldn't be coming out again until they threw him out at midnight. That always happened on Christmas Eve.

Not even anything to hear, except a few quiet clucks from the fowls in our backyard. What a dump to live in!

A lorry engine jerked into life down near the railway station, shattering the quiet. Harry Williams was going to town already with his dad. I was mad with envy and wished that the flaming old thing would break down. How I'd laugh.

But soon the old car came clattering up the hill to the crossroads, and as it swung round and headed for town I sank behind the gate. Harry wasn't going to see me still hanging around.

He was lucky. Within ten minutes he'd be right in the middle of

the town, seeing all the shops and their decorations. Guzzling ice-cream and sucking lemonade with the cold mist clinging to the bottles. Why didn't old Mother Golightly get a freezer?

I had just decided to drift down to the station to watch the three o'clock train come in when my eye caught a movement. Something was coming along Red Rock Road. A black dot passing steadily in out of the fringe of gums.

I watched until my eyes ached, and after a while I could see that it was a horse and sulky. Closer it came, the old horse plodding through the dust, and there was a man driving, and beside him were two little girls with sun-bonnets.

They pulled up outside the pub. The old mare looked all in. Sweat streaks ran through the caked dust on its hide. The man's coat was white with dust, but the little girls had an old blanket over their frocks.

The man swung down stiffly, locked the wheel, and pushed through the swinging doors. The girls stood up and dusted themselves daintily. They looked around at the store, the blacksmith's, and then caught sight of me. The younger one pointed at me and said something. Then they both laughed and my cheeks burned.

Their father came out with a bottle of lemonade and a glass. Lucky things. Lemonade before they even got to town. I felt a quick, violent dislike for them. But I knew something I bet they didn't. The pub's lemonade wasn't off the ice like the stuff in town. They only kept the beer on the ice.

Their old man went back and the girls took their time sipping at the lemonade, pantomiming their relish as a sort of sling-off at me.

I'd show them. I went round to the woodshed. High up in the back, in a secret place, I kept my money-box and the blade of an old knife. I slipped the blade in and jiggled

a penny out. Then I skipped across the road to the store, ignoring the two little girls in the sulky. Mrs. Golightly lurched out to answer the bell, grumbling, but she gave me a liquorice-stick for my penny.

When the big one saw me she looked away. But the little one was envious. I bet where they lived they couldn't just hop across the road for a lolly whenever they wanted one. I sucked and chewed right in front of them.

A car went by, billowing the dust. "What kind of car's that, Ruth?" the little one cried out.

"A Nash," Ruth said low, but I heard.

"It's going into town. I wish we had a car so's we could go straight into town."

"We'll be going soon," her sister said, still not looking at me.

I stepped right up to the sulky. "That wasn't a Nash. That was an Essex. A Nash has a different kind of radiator."

"It has not, has it, Ruth?" "How would she know? I bet you don't see any cars where you come from."

The big one turned on me. She had a sharp, freckled face and skinny, knobby knees, and the sun glinted off the ginger hairs on her bare legs. She was wild.

"I know, because I've got a book of cars, Mr. Smartie," she said. Then she added: "Mr. Smartie with a hole in his pants."

I'd forgotten all about the hole in the seat of my pants. She saw instantly how shaken I was.

"Mr. Smartie's got a hole in his pants," she chanted. And her sister joined in.

"That wasn't a Nash, anyway," I shouted furiously. "You were wrong." But they refused to listen and wore me down with their chanting.

"I bet you've never been to town before," I challenged them.

"Ruth has!" The little one was gleefully triumphant.

"Not at Christmas time. You don't know what it's like at Christmas. You've never seen the crowds of people walking round the streets and the green branches tied to the posts and all the toys and Christmas trees in the shop windows."

They were silent. "Or the terrific big rockets they let off," I gave them a last thrust.

"Rockets," whispered the little one.

"We'll be seeing everything soon," Ruth said at last.

"I'm going in tonight. That's the best time to go. All the colored lights are on and Father Christmas comes down over the roof of the biggest shop."

"Daddy said we'd see him, didn't he, Ruth?"

Ruth nodded.

"He'd better hurry up, then," I taunted. "The rate you're going you'll never get there."

Ruth stood up quickly. She grabbed the whip out of its socket and let fly at me. I saw it coming and skipped out of the way.

"You go home, old-hole-in-your-pants," she cried. "We don't want to talk to you. You go home and get your trousers mended."

I wagged my fingers from my nose as I backed across the road.

Our front door opened as I reached the gate. "David," my mother said quietly, "come inside."

From behind the kitchen door she took down the strap.

"Don't let me see you making that vulgar gesture again," she said.

That strap hurt on my bare legs. I opened my mouth for a good, loud yell, then shut it with a snap. They would have heard me across the road. So I made do with some heavy sobs and sniffles to stop Mum from laying it on harder.

"Mum," I appealed when she let me go, "can't we go to town before tea? Everybody else does."

"No. Your father is working late today. Have you got the chips for tomorrow morning's fire?"

"Yes. Ages ago."

"Oh, did you?" Her face softened into a smile. "Well, you can sweep the backyard and then you can help me decorate the kitchen."

I swept that yard as it had never been swept before. The silly chooks scattered all over the place to escape my whirling broom. I wished the old sun would get a bit of a move on, too. It was still a long way from its hiding place behind the hills at the back of the town.

Putting up the paper streamers was fun and it took quite a while to get things just right. But when we did Christmas didn't seem so far away.

Then I had to have a bath, and just after that Dad came home and we had tea. There were funny flutterings in my tummy and I couldn't eat much, but neither Mum nor Dad said anything about the food I had to leave on my plate.

It was close on dusk when the three of us finally got out the front gate, and as we did the street lights in town came on. A dancing, twinkling network across the broad, dark hills.

We crossed the road. The sulky was still there. The old mare's head was drooping towards the dust.

The little one was asleep, leaning against her sister. The big one was sitting up, straight and still. She saw me.

I lagged a pace behind Mum and Dad and swung round. The pale oval of the girl's face was fixed, staring at me. Swiftly I lifted my hand to my nose.

But I didn't waggle my fingers—I couldn't. I felt a pain like a deep, sharp crease behind my eyes. I dropped my hand and hurried after Mum and Dad, and the lights of town blurred and went out as if they were drowning in the dark.

(Copyright)



# With all his Love

By **BRUCE MARSHALL**

**A**T the age of fifty-two Douglas MacGregor disliked Christmas so intensely that he was convinced that even as a child he must have found it unpleasant. He disapproved of the backslapping and the wine-bibbing and the paper hats and the hooters, but chiefly he loathed having to exchange presents and greetings with people who, he was persuaded, didn't care whether a lonely middle-aged bachelor like himself lived or died.

This Christmas Eve he found himself disliking the season more than ever because he had come north to Edinburgh to settle the affairs of his elder unmarried sister, who had been his only surviving relative and who had just died.

The smell and the sight of the familiar, musty old rooms in which he had played as a small boy made him feel his solitude bitterly. It was impossible, he told himself, for revolting man to love his equally revolting neighbor as himself; the most one could do was to prevent them from murdering each other, and that required policemen, not Christmas cards.

For even the absurd rectangles and squares of cardboard kept following him, forwarded from London by his valet. Cards illustrated with black cats and lighted churches and angels opened to disclose gold and silver benevolences from Mr. and Mrs. J. A. G. Greene, from Dr. and Mrs. Watherston, Sir Samuel and Lady Pond.

MacGregor, who for long had made a habit of sending cards only to those from whom he received them, replied with a chilly and hastily printed formality, of which he had brought a stock from London: "Mr. Douglas MacGregor sends you his best greetings."

Seventeen cards arrived by the evening post and he set about answering them at once so that he might mail them before Christmas Day. But when he had finished writing the last address on the last envelope he found that he was one card short.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Spindlebury-Trotter had wished, in absurd verse, that joy might shine on him clear from twenty-fifth December until the same time next year; and he had no card with which to conceal from Mr. and Mrs. R. Spindlebury-Trotter the fact that he would not greatly grieve if they were mauled by tigers.

Then the thought struck him that among the lumber in the attic upstairs there might be some old and undated card which he could conveniently use. There, rummaging through old chests of drawers and cupboards and packing cases, he found no Christmas cards, but he soon ceased to think of them because the odds and ends he found instead were evocative of memory. He found the red-and-blue cardboard clock with the tin hands on which he had learned to tell the time; he found pictures of his sister and himself paddling on the beach. And under an old faded pale blue copy of a school-book he came across an amputated flyleaf on which was written in handwriting still amazingly like his own: To Hazel from Dougie, with all the love in his heart, Christmas, 1920.

She had been seventeen, he eighteen, and they had been taking the Ordinary French class together at the University. She had usually sat in front of him and daily he had admired her variety of fresh linen blouses and the tender little wheels of her ears showing beneath the curtain of her bobbed hair. He had not dared to speak to her, a little because her loveliness frightened him, mostly because her parents were wealthier than his and lived in that Edinburgh West End, whose snobbery is renowned.

It was she who had first spoken to him, and at the sound of her voice and the sight of the nearness of her eyes he had felt awkward with happiness and misery.

"I wonder if you could help me, Mr. MacGregor," she had asked. "Mr. Leishman made such a noise sneezing that I did not catch what the Prof. was saying about Flaubert."

MacGregor had not caught what the Prof. had said about Flaubert either, not because of Mr. Leishman's sneeze but because Hazel had been wearing a cool, pale green dress in which he had never seen her before. But because he was poor and had to make his own way in the world he had read all about Flaubert and knew what to say.

"He said that if Flaubert was a great stylist it was because he had worked hard to achieve perfection. The engineer of the relative clause, that was what Flaubert was." He spoke with earnestness, anxious to capture part of her beauty by making a little of his own understanding hers, and even when her cheeks dimpled he was still grave. "Why, Miss Farquhar, whatever are you laughing at?"

"I wasn't laughing. I was smiling. You sound so like the Prof. when you talk like that." She turned on her heels, swinging her gay frock round her body, and held her face up to the square of unperturbed sky above the quadrangle, with the sun shining immensely in it. "Oh, Mr. MacGregor, what a heavenly day. I do believe I'm a nature worshipper, don't you?"

In the end he plucked up courage to invite her to come and see Nazimova in the big film that was then showing at the New Picture House, and, in order to pay for the seats, had been forced to sell one of his old Latin textbooks. The bookseller had been mean and the half-crown which he had given for the book had been sufficient to pay only for cheap seats. MacGregor had been ashamed not to be able to take her to the two-shilling seats in the balcony, which he was sure she always frequented with her parents, and he had been glad of the darkness which had concealed his discomfiture.

But even in the darkness he had been unable to escape from the boy selling sweets, and during the interval he had talked loudly about French literature in an attempt to

To page 37

So there it was, the sad little message he had written for her on that snowy Christmas Eve, so long ago when they were young.

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH









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## Letters from our Readers

### THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

SHOPPING expeditions would be made easier for mothers if stores in cities and suburbs featured baby-minding centres where infants could be looked after for a short while and for a small charge. With no companion at home to look after a small child, many mothers are forced to trudge wearily around the shops, carrying the baby, the shopping-basket, and juggling with parcels, purse, and money. I should think that such a baby-minding service would bring trade to the stores as well as help to mothers.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Cole, Drum-moyne, N.S.W.

NO longer do I feel any womanly sympathy for Barbara Hutton since seeing the sorrow and unhappiness on the face of her son, photographed in The Australian Women's Weekly (23/11/55).

I wonder if his mother ever paused in her selfish search for happiness to think of her son's reactions to the gossip and ridicule which accompanied her many trips to the altar. Could she not find peace, happiness, and contentment in being a mother?

10/6 to "Mother" (name supplied), West Wallsend, N.S.W.

AFTER a 2000-mile tour of southern N.S.W. and Victoria, we can only conclude that many local councils completely ignore caravan travellers and campers. Very often they set aside a piece of land no one wants, and call it a camping area. In one big Victorian town we paid five shillings for the privilege of staying the night in an area almost covered with seedy grass, three feet high. Towns such as Bathurst (N.S.W.) and Mt. Gambier (S.A.), which provide visitors with attractive camping grounds, amenities, and play areas for children, find that tourists are only too happy to spend their money in the area. Other councils could hardly lose by following their examples.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Edgecombe, Thornleigh, N.S.W.

SMALL children who go by bus to our local kindergarten wear cardboard badges, printed with names and addresses as well as the words "I go to Kindergarten at Bus Stop 15," and "I live at Bus Stop So-and-So." Parents who aren't able to take youngsters right to the kindergarten know that the bus driver will put them out at the school stop.

10/6 to "Melissa" (name supplied), Woody Point, Qld.

WE are the losers: if we shun people of non-British origin. Recently I invited a lonely Indian student home for the weekend, found that he knew far more about philosophy and religion than most Australians, and heard about his country and its problems. Incidentally, he gave us some excellent recipes, which our friends are pestering us to hand on to them.

10/6 to "Learner" (name supplied), Bunbury, W.A.

THE average Australian woman is so cluttered up with cheap artificial jewellery, flowers, and flamboyant scarves that she looks like an over-decorated Christmas tree. Those balloon skirts, myriad petticoats, and nipped-in waists were discarded long ago everywhere else in the world. As a visitor to Australia, and one who is widely travelled, I think women here will be entitled to the word "smartness" only when they realise simplicity is the essence of good dressing.

10/6 to "A European Visitor" (name supplied), Arncliffe, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for  
the best letter of the  
week as well as 10/6  
for every letter pub-  
lished on this page.

AT a small suburban tennis match I was quite surprised at the attitude of women-folk barracking for the competing teams. One group applauded every good shot, no matter who made it, but the other kept strict silence, clapping only when its team was winning. Surely in a match of this kind women should be "big enough" to be fair to both sides, and sporting enough to say a friendly "Congratulations" at the finish.

10/6 to "Sport Lover" (name supplied), Puchbowl, N.S.W.

MANY of my friends in Australia envy me. I know, when they hear I have two native servants at my home in Rabaul. There are some things, though, which we have to bear in our tropical "paradise" which I'm sure they would not envy. Here's one incident, on the humorous side. I remember leaving instructions with one "boy" to put on the roast while I was out, and to make a custard, using custard powder. Returning in time for dinner, I found the eager houseboy had been cooking the roast for a full 15 minutes on top of the stove, and that the "custard" was made from pastry mix.

10/6 to "Territorial" (name supplied), Rabaul, T.N.G.

### Lonely mothers

THE letter from M.G.F., a lonely and forsaken mother (The Australian Women's Weekly, 9/11/55), interested me very much. If this lady's family does not want her, someone else's will welcome her. I for one would, as my little 6½-year-old daughter would love to "adopt" a granny. In fact, she would adopt more than one if any other lonely grannies would care to write to us. I am 42, and still miss my mother, whom I lost 20 years ago.

10/6 to J.S. (name supplied), Burwood, N.S.W.

FIVE years a widow, with three married sons whom I see little of, I can sympathise with M.G.F. When my eldest son said to me: "Mother, make a new life for yourself, and find new friends, as we have our own families and interests in our own homes," I was hurt to the quick. Later I found many more widows placed like myself. We finally got together, meet regularly now, and have outings. I would like to get in touch with M.G.F., as perhaps we could help this poor soul.

10/6 to G.McK. (name supplied), Earlwood, N.S.W.

### Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

THE one and only available tricycle caused quarrels among the youngsters until I solved the problem by bringing out our oldest family clock. I put it near where they play, saying that each child must take it in turn to ride for five minutes.

Now they play quite happily, one riding while the other watches the big hand of the clock and says, "Three more rounds, two more, one more, and now it's my go."

£1/1/- to "Heavenly Peace" (name supplied), Babinda, Qld.





## BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

TWOFOLD BAY, EDEN, N.S.W., has historic interest as well as being a noted beauty spot. In 1842 Benjamin Boyd established the whaling industry in Twofold Bay, and in 1847 erected Boyd's Tower (shown in picture) as a lighthouse. The Government objected to this private lighthouse and it was never used to guide shipping. Nine whalers sailed out of Boyd Town in 1848, and for that year it was calculated that the return from whaling operations was about £42,600. The whaling industry has now petered out in the area. This picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.



# Thrilling Beauty News FOR USERS OF Liquid Shampoos!



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- ★ Easier to rinse off
- ★ Cleans and tones hair and scalp
- ★ Leaves hair brightly shining
- ★ It'll not dull nor dry hair
- ★ Leaves hair manageable



## How to treat

There is nothing like heat to relieve the agony of joint and muscle pain. If you get a painful arm or shoulder or knee, lie or sit with an infra-red lamp over the painful area for long enough to let you move the muscle or joint more easily.

Each time you do this, movement becomes easier and less painful. If you like, you can make a useful lamp at home yourself, simply by mounting a lamp holder in the bottom of a lightweight box of handy size so that you can put an ordinary large electric globe inside the box. The warming rays can then be directed right at the point of pain. To accelerate the treatment, get a tube of Menthoid Creme from your chemist—it costs only 9/6

## Joint and Muscle

—containing the powerful, deep-penetrating hormone, adrenalin. Rub Menthoid Creme into the painful areas, then use the lamp as explained above. This is a wonderful treatment for long enough to let you move the muscle or joint more easily. Each time you do this, movement becomes easier and less painful. If you like, you can make a useful lamp at home yourself, simply by mounting a lamp holder in the bottom of a lightweight box of handy size so that you can put an ordinary large electric globe inside the box. The warming rays can then be directed right at the point of pain. To accelerate the treatment, get a tube of Menthoid Creme from your chemist—it costs only 9/6

## Pains

# PRINCESS SOON 19



FAMILY LIKENESS. Princess Alexandra looks remarkably like her mother, as this picture, with brothers Prince Michael and the Duke of Kent, reveals. The Princess and the Duke, who is called "Eddie" by his family, make an ideal brother-and-sister combination for young social life in London. They frequently entertain friends at home.

## "The nicest thing about her is that she hasn't been spoilt," says cousin

When Tommy Kinsman's band gets going at deb. dances or hunt balls the chances are that one of the loveliest of the teenagers on the floor will call to him: "Hit everything, Tommy. Let's have something really hot."

AS his band beats out a jazz number Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra will flash a smile of thanks as she rejoins the other jiving teenagers.

"Jazz makes me happy. It does something to me," sighs Princess Alexandra, who will be 19 on Christmas Day. "She's such a gay girl," says Tommy, "and how she loves to dance."

Earlier in the evening the Princess will almost certainly have requested a Strauss waltz, and later made another request, this time for "Believe It, Beloved," explaining: "It's my signature tune, you know, Tommy."

He does. For Tommy Kinsman, swinging from dreamy waltz to jazz hit, while his jiving teenagers get in the mood, thinks of all the Royal favorites right back to those of Alexandra's father, the good-looking Prince George, who would send up a request for "Fats Waller, please, Tommy."

The Duke of Kent's charm, easy elegance, and love of music and dancing made him the most popular member of pre-war cafe society. He was killed on active service in 1942.

In her own less sophisticated set, the Princess is very much her father's daughter, with his charm and easy manner, and her own high-spirited and quite infectious gaiety.

She has, too, the poise for which her mother is noted, and

a maturity that sits prettily on her English girlishness.

Although she uses the thoroughly schoolgirl expression "Jolly d..." and the current teenage expressions, "smooth" and "smashing," the Princess is easy and happy in her mother's circle of friends.

They find Princess Alexandra's old-fashioned charm and courtesy appealing, her bouncy, out-of-door manner and teenage expressions refreshing.

At English country house parties and in the hunting field Princess Alexandra is equally liked.

"She doesn't keep us up all night as other guests do," said a hostess. "And she will help to empty the ash-trays. We don't have many servants these days."

Princess Alexandra's emergence from the schoolroom has been gradual, in spite of "finishing" in Paris, travelling extensively, and taking her share of official Royal duties.

Those who have watched her growing up prophesy that she will one day surpass all the Royal ladies in good looks and elegance.

She has the perfect skin and coloring for which the Royal Family is famous, her father's well-shaped nose and something of the set of his eyes. They are grey-blue, set in an oval face. She has her mother's whimsical smile.

Her hair, which the Duchess took so much trouble with when she was a child, saying, "It must curl, it is so important for a girl," does indeed curl. It is dark blonde and easy to handle.

The Duchess of Kent would have preferred her daughter's coming-out to have been a year later.

Between them, they had planned a longer time "finishing" in Paris, and after that a career.

Princess Alexandra wanted to be a nurse. She would still like to be given time off from public duties to train at the University College Hospital, where her mother trained during the war. Ever since she was a baby Alexandra has dressed up and played at being a Red Cross nurse.

## Her No. 1 job

ALTHOUGH the possibility has been discussed on and off for several years, it was temporarily shelved so that the Princess could have a taste of social life and also get some experience of what will always be her No. 1 job—being a Royal lady.

However, there is now every chance that Alexandra will become a working girl next year.

The move for her to take-up nursing has the approval of the Duchess and is also being supported enthusiastically by one of the Princess' closest friends — Princess Margarita of Baden, the Duke of Edinburgh's niece, who is now a nurse in London.

Princess Alexandra is ninth in succession to the Throne. And on her young shoulders rest many of the responsibilities of a Princess of the Blood Royal.

It was the late King George VI who said, in her hearing: "We are a firm, not a family." Alexandra realises

this, and as a junior partner acts accordingly.

Already, with charm and distinction, she has carried out a large number of public duties (including two full Royal tours with her mother—one at home and one in Canada). They were undertaken without fuss.

She had a coming-out season that was gay, if not exactly brilliant. She was voted the most popular girl in her set, not the "Deb of the Year" (that title is never given to Royalty). She was frequently escorted to concerts and to the theatre by men of such distinction that they made news when she didn't. She travelled abroad and had a full life outside her official duties.

"And the nicest thing about her is that she hasn't been spoilt," said a cousin on the Duchess of Kent's side of the family, Vincent Poklewski, who has escorted her to many dances. "She's just enjoyed being a deb."

At Alexandra's age, the Queen's younger sister, Princess Margaret, had hit the headlines for going to night clubs.

The Queen, remembering how her father, the King, had worried when Margaret's comings and goings added a spicy note to the daily news, let a small sigh of relief escape as Princess Alexandra's first season came to an end.

Alexandra had not caused the Sovereign a moment's worry.

Princess Alexandra is the tallest of the Royal ladies. She

From  
ANNE MATHESON,  
of our London staff



# "She's such a gay girl"

5ft. 9in., and she doesn't like it.

"I'm too big for bright colors," she complains, and puts for quiet, subdued shades for day wear. "I can't wear young fashions," she says, and chooses more severe clothes.

But her mannequin height is a joy to the dressmakers. Her figure is good, if still not quite fined down. Her waist is small, and she has a graceful carriage.

At a party where all the young girls are dressed in the traditional bouffant pastels for their coming-out year, Princess Alexandra is easily the most real.

Though she wears clothes that are severe and sombre during the day, her evening dresses are much more individual and glamorous. John Gavanagh, youngest of the British couturiers who came from Pierre Balmain, in Paris, to join the Incorporated Society of Twelve London Fashion Designers, makes her clothes.

The Princess would love nothing better than to own a gown from Dior. "Quite, quite perfect," she sighed, when she saw Princess Margaret's Dior dress.

But the fabulous Dior gowns are out of the question for Alexandra of Kent.

Princess Alexandra is the poorest of all the Royal Princesses. She has no income and no inheritance.

Her father, the Duke of Kent, left £157,735, most of it in trust for his children's education.

Her mother has an income from a few investments and she owns "Coppins." She has, in addition, an undisclosed sum from the Civil List, which is paid to her indirectly.

From this there is little left over for Princess Alexandra.

Her expenses, however, are not heavy. Couturiers and milliners "make her a price," since she is a good advertisement for them. Otherwise she buys economically.

Before Princess Alexandra started at her big school the Duke of Kent, her father, was killed.

Life for the Kents had been ideally happy until then. There were three children—Edward, the present Duke of Kent, Alexandra, and baby brother, Prince Michael—and they lived a country life at "Coppins," the old-fashioned house at Iwer left to the Duke by his aunt, Princess Victoria.

After her sudden and tragic bereavement the Duchess grew closer to her family, and particularly to her daughter, who had the Duke's smile, reminding everyone immediately of his boyishness.

It was a real temptation for the Duchess to keep Alexandra at home with her and bring a tutor in. But Heathfield, the 100-guinea-a-term school for 94 pupils at Ascot, had been decided on.

## Weekly boarder

ALEXANDRA became a weekly boarder. The arrival of a Princess at Heathfield caused a small stir among the girls. They were not quite certain how to treat her. But Alexandra had such natural ways that soon she was accepted.

One day the mother of a friend said to her: "I find it hard to remember you are a Princess." To which Alexandra replied: "I find it hard to remember myself sometimes."

Discipline at "Coppins" was never very strict, but the Duchess counted on Heathfield to counteract this.

Queen Mary often complained that the Kent children were a bit too noisy, and Christmas at Sandringham for the Duchess was "a nightmare," she told a friend.

A lady-in-waiting told me how the Duchess would rush up to her as the dinner table plan was being arranged, and say: "Don't sit Alexandra near Queen Mary. You know how my daughter chatters."

But for all Alexandra's boisterousness when she was

growing up Queen Mary was particularly fond of her. And Alexandra was the most constant visitor to the old Queen's bedside in the days before her death.

One of the first things Princess Alexandra had to learn when she undertook public duties was that the disarming frankness which so delights her family and friends can offend her public.

On receiving her first bouquet she said: "Do I have to carry this about?"

On being reprimanded she told her mother: "But I didn't mean it THAT way."

"Then you must be more guarded," said her mother. "What you say in public can be hurtful, even if you don't mean it THAT way."

When Princess Alexandra returned from Paris, where she had stayed with the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and their 11 children, everyone noted the change that six months at finishing school had made.

Mlle. Anita Doulds, the teacher, said: "Your Princess is more feminine now."

The Princess' closest friends (outside her cousin, Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia) are Miss Carina Boyle (daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Desmond Boyle and his Swedish wife), Lord O'Neill, whom she met when visiting Northern Ireland and with whom she loves to Charleston, and Dominic Elliot, one of the most popular of the young men around town.

When Princess Alexandra marries she will have to have the Queen's consent, and the wedding will most likely be in Westminster Abbey, where her mother and father were married.

That the Princess will marry, and marry well, is expected by those who know her best.

And, since she was given a long, low, wolf whistle when she went to Haringay Circus recently, her public expect so, too.



**POISE.** Princess Alexandra, who will be 19 on Christmas Day, smiles a greeting when she arrives at the Royal Festival Hall to attend a concert. Pretty and gay, so far no whisper of romance has been attached to her name.



**EXUBERANT** young Princess Alexandra tries her hand at the Coconut Shie when she attends a garden party. The Princess now has her hair cut in a simple, "Italian" style.



**PRINCESS ALEXANDRA** talks to a young patient at the Royal Alexandra Hospital recently. With more than 100 solo public engagements behind her, the Princess is now as poised as other members of the Royal Family. When she first began to carry out engagements she was apt to drop her gloves or become momentarily abstracted.





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# GLAMOROUS WATER BABES

## Aquabelles stage ballet in tanks

Australia is to be introduced this summer to one of America's most popular entertainments—Sam Snyder's Water Follies.

THE FOLLIES, a collection of "aquabelles" and "aquamaids," several male divers, and added to a collection of Australian talent, will make their bow at Sydney's White City on December 11.

The White City is the home of tennis in Australia, but on December 30, the night the Water Follies opens, the very heart of the White City—the tennis courts—will be covered with portable swimming pools and diving tanks imported from America.

The whole of the proceeds from the first night will be given to the Woollahra (Sydney) Ladies' Auxiliary for their Sub-Normal Children's Home Appeal.

Australian girls are anxious to be in the show, and Mr. Snyder is just as anxious to have them.

Dozens of girls, from as young as 16 years, have already been auditioned, but the final selection will be made shortly by Mary Dwight,

synchronised swimming champion of the world, who has just arrived from America with the Snyder troupe.

Some of the Australian girls have done modelling, but most of them are ordinary business girls who love the water and do plenty of serious swimming in their spare time. As schoolgirls, many distinguished themselves in school swimming events.

Waterfollies have been big business in the American entertainment world now for years.

Not every girl can be an Esther Williams (who was, in fact, a champion swimmer to start with). But any winner of a U.S. beauty contest these days who really can swim and wants to prove it has no trouble about doing so. She has a career ready made.

All she has to do is seek out the producer of the current aquashow in her area (it may be a permanent summer show in her city or a touring



AUSTRALIAN GIRLS who are hoping to be Aquabelles being auditioned. From left to right the girls are Juanita Davis, Rae Martin, Eleanor Healy, Pauline McKinley, Penelope Gibbs, Terri Gibbs, Deidre Green, Pam Hunter.

show which comes regularly each summer), take a deep breath and dive in.

But Australia, which has probably the highest proportion of beautiful expert swimmers in the world, offers few professional opportunities for girls, despite the fact that the world's first aquatic career girl was an Australian, Annette Kellerman.

Annette, of course, launched

her career in the U.S. In that lies the explanation. Australia has all the raw material needed, but the showmanship that converts the raw material into entertainment for the masses flourishes in the U.S.

New York has Elliot Murphy's Aquashow every summer at the Flushing Meadow pool, an ideal set-up with two diving towers, Olympic pool, permanent fully equipped stage and lighting, and spectator stands.

Other professional water-ballet girls are featured at the famous Jones Beach open-air theatre, where the huge stage is an island, separated from the amphitheatre by a wide strip of water.

The point is that water ballet has become such a popular act that any American showman worth his salt who has a fine body of water as a built-in stage prop, just naturally weaves a small aquashow into the programme.

Sam Snyder hopes to make it as popular in Australia as it is in America, and he's extra hopeful, too, about the



PORTABLE swimming and diving pools and stage which will be erected on the tennis courts at White City, Sydney, for the water show. The pools have rubber lining. The diving tank is 8ft. deep, the swimming pool 5ft. deep.

Australian girls he hopes to recruit for his troupe.

Apart from beauty, mastery of all the swimming strokes and powerful lungs to cope with all the underwater swimming involved, he says the Aussie girls should have good suntans. White skins are no good. Prolonged exposure to cold water in often-chilly night air produces gooseflesh and a mottled effect which doesn't fit in with the usual color scheme.

In Mr. Snyder's show color-lighting is important. At one stage all the lights go out, and, lo! there are 16 "aquabelles" shining out of the darkness, in cartwheel formation. They prove to be wearing chemically treated bathing suits which glow in the dark like a luminous watch face. "This is indeed a very beautiful water production number," says Mr. Snyder.

Putting on a water show in the middle of tennis courts is easy really. You bring your pool with you, complete with diving-tower, in pieces like a gigantic meccano set and jigsaw puzzle combined.

The Snyder show brings two pools, one for diving, the other for exhibition swimming and water ballet, with a stage in between.

A stage? Of course—for the "dry" acts. About half Mr. Snyder's company never get wet, unless by accident. They include an acrobatic dancer, a soprano ("gorgeous"), a ballerina, a harmonica player, and a male vocalist.

To bring a swimming pool to Australia and cart it from city to city is like carrying

coals to Newcastle. However, without its portable tanks there would almost certainly be no touring water show.

Few cities anywhere have the kind of pool which can readily be converted to stage a complete show like Mr. Snyder's. His tanks, built after much trial and error by a firm of marine engineers, are the answer. The diving tank is 50 feet long, 35 feet wide, and eight feet deep; the swimming tank 75 long, 35 wide, and five feet deep. Each has a one-piece rubber lining.

The wet-bobs in the company claim a number of titles between them: Bob Maxwell, world's greatest acrobatic diver; Maxwell's wife, Norma Dean, world's professional women's diving champion; Joe Walsh, New York State diving champion; Roger Nadeau, New England diving champion; and, of course, Mary Dwight, the synchronised swimming champion of the world.

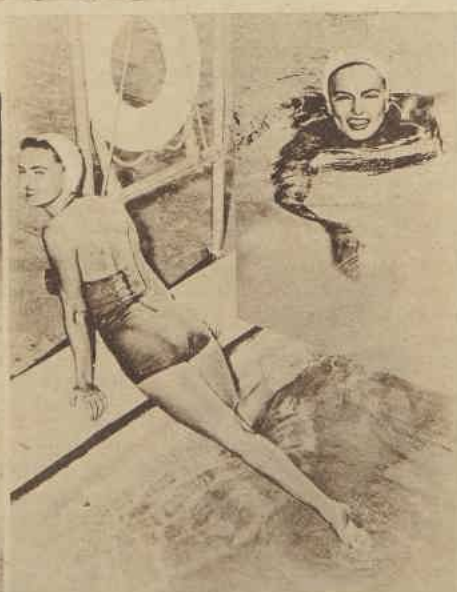
Some of the girls are described by Mr. Snyder as "aquamaids" and some are "aquabelles," and all are hardy. The water they perform in is usually about 55 degrees, trouper Joanne Oldenbrook told me without a trace of a shiver.

I met many of the girls in New York recently before they set out for points west, and ultimately Australia. They had already toured South America.

I never did manage to find out the difference between an aquamaid and an aquabelle, but I don't think it matters. I've never seen such clean-looking girls. Real, real clean! Synchronised, too.



THE AQUABELLES. American beauties who are water ballet "dancers" in the Water Follies. Aquashows are among the most popular entertainments in America today, and beauty contest winners who can swim have a career ready made.



BOB MAXWELL, billed as the world's professional diving champion, one of the men in the show.

BEAUTY whose bathing suit doesn't get wet is Martha Ann Bentley, show's featured ballerina.

SYNCHRONISED swimming champion of the world, Mary Dwight, who will choose suntanned Australian girls. Suntan doesn't show gooseflesh.



# FAMOUS MOTHERS MEET



"GOODBYE, MUMMY! COME BACK SOON!" The Sara family waves farewell to Mrs. Sara as she sets out from her home in Bellingen, N.S.W., to visit the Lucke quads. From left are father Percy, quad Mark, big brother Geoffrey, and other quads Alison (on fence), Judy, and Phillip.

● Never was there such happy talk about babies as there was in Bundaberg, Qld., recently when Mrs. Agnes Lucke and Mrs. Betty Sara met for the first time. Ever since the Lucke quads were born on July 12, Mrs. Sara, mother of Australia's only other quads, has been exchanging letters with Mrs. Lucke. Consequently, when the sponsors of the Quiz Kids radio programme suggested Mrs. Sara should fly to Bundaberg to join Mrs. Lucke in making a broadcast for the Quiz Kids December 18 show, both mothers were delighted. Most of their time together was spent discussing the subject dearest to both their hearts—quads, their upbringing, and their manifold charms.



ABOVE. Wilson Irving, producer of the Quiz Kids radio show, records the meeting of Mrs. Lucke (left) and Mrs. Sara, while our reporter, Isla Brook, looks on. The recording will be heard on the Quiz Kids programme to be broadcast on December 18.



MOTHERING TIME. After the bath, Mrs. Lucke (left) nurses Veronica (left) and Jennifer, while Mrs. Sara, holding a contented Kevin (right), expertly soothes the tears of a fretful Eric.





**HAPPY AND HEALTHY.** The Lucke quads, from left, Veronica, Eric, Jennifer, and Kevin, at 16 weeks. With the exception of Veronica, who is breast fed, the babies are being brought up on an evaporated-milk formula. They are making excellent progress. With an average weekly weight gain of 10 ounces they doubled their birth weight in three months, a feat that generally takes a baby six months to achieve. They are as happy as they are healthy and rarely cry or grizzle — a boon to their busy mother.



**EXCHANGE OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS** for the two sets of quads was one of the many happy features of the meeting of Mrs. Sara and Mrs. Lucke. Here the Saras, from left, Judy, Mark, Alison, and Phillip, are gleefully clutching the dolls and toy trucks sent home to them by Mrs. Lucke. Mrs. Sara took with her four cuddly animals for Kevin, Eric, Jennifer, and Veronica. Pictures on these pages were taken at Bellingen, N.S.W., and Bundaberg, Qld., by staff photographers Ron Berg and William Carty.



# SKIN BEAUTY

By HERBERT LAWRENCE, M.D.

● This is the final instalment of "The Care of Your Skin," in which a dermatologist talks about emotional problems of young people and their relation to acne.

THIS is what is known about the cause of acne.

Puberty was a point in your life which marked the end of childhood and the beginning of adolescence. It occurred when you were between the ages of 12 and 14.

At this time a change occurred in the activity and function of your sexual glands. As a result, during the years that followed, your body gradually assumed a more mature appearance. These changes will continue slowly until you have reached adulthood.

Every part of the body in some way feels the influence of this glandular activity. The oil glands of the skin are no exception. To judge from the way they feverishly start manufacturing and pumping oil, it would seem as though they were trying to make up for their years of sluggishness.

There is nothing the body can do with this large amount of oil except carry it to the surface of the skin. This produces the oily appearance so typical of acne.

Medical science is trying to find out just what it is about the function of the sexual glands that causes this surge of oil. So far, there is not too much that is certain.

There are also other activities going on in the body which affect your acne. The way your tissues, including the skin, grow and maintain their health depends upon a complex series of reactions within the body.

These vital reactions are called the metabolism of the body. The food you eat plays an important role in these reactions.

Because some foods are important for you, you should not eliminate foods at the risk of depriving yourself of a well-balanced diet, unless you have been convinced beyond any doubt that they make your acne worse.

A lack of iodine in the body causes a disturbance of the thyroid gland. The thyroid is another one of the hormone-secreting glands. It regulates the speed or rate of our metabolism. If the thyroid isn't going full force, it affects all the other internal glands.

The importance of infected teeth, tonsils, and sinuses in the cause of acne has been exaggerated. Some dermatologists, however, feel strongly that such a source of "focus" of infection in the body makes acne worse, or at least keeps it going.

There are some working conditions which have been found to make acne worse.

On some jobs there are dust, heat, and humidity to contend with and personal hygiene is poor. Some types of work require rough or woolen clothing, which can irritate the skin or rub bacteria into the follicle openings.

The question arises—what does your general health have to do with acne? Are you likely to have more colds or other infections than a person free from acne? Are your pep and energy below average?

Dermatologists and many acne patients have noticed that their acne is worse in the winter and better in the summer. Perhaps this is because in the winter resistance is lower than in the summer. In the winter vitality is lower. During the summer everyone seems to feel better.

The explanation of these observations may have something to do with the greater amount of sunshine everyone is exposed to in the summer. Sunlight helps manufacture Vitamin D in the body and this vitamin is very important to good health. Summer foods are richer in vitamins and other essentials to good nutrition.

The expression "athlete's acne" is used by dermatologists because acne is sometimes very severe in young men who are extremely active in sports.

Physical conditioning and training is an accepted part of an athlete's life. You assume that athletes are perfect physical specimens who would never have acne. However, a well-trained athlete is like a racehorse in the sense that

every effort has been made to bring to perfection all his special capabilities. In doing this, great stress is put on the body as a whole, causing excessive fatigue, and this may explain the frequency of acne in athletes.

I have noticed the same thing in women who are professional dancers.

Besides the physical strain on your body which has just been mentioned, you are under another type of strain or, to use another word, tension.

The development taking place in your growing body has already been discussed. But so far no mention has been made of another type of change which is occurring.

This is the change in your attitude towards yourself and those about you. These changes are the ones which affect your emotional life.

Acne usually starts during a period in your life which is filled with new experiences. High school is one of the first of these. Early business ventures, with longer working hours and greater responsibility, are another.

It may well be that the emotional stress and strain which result from these and similar new needs for adjustment are partly to blame for the overactivity of your oil glands.

Always remember that acne is not the result of one single cause.

One of the biggest battles that doctors have to fight today is the way our bodies suffer from the hectic lives we lead. Almost everyone suffers some emotional tension from the fact that the world we live in has become complicated and uncertain.

Young people are no exception, and the ways in which emotional tension can arise are legion. Of course, just as with the treatment of the skin

lesions of acne, there is no one solution to emotional problems.

Taking things in stride will help you through a good many disturbing situations. The events of everyday life which cause worry and anxiety should be reconsidered in regard to their real importance to you. They should not be allowed to dominate your life.

Another characteristic of adolescence is its sexual life. Now, quite suddenly, members of the opposite sex become desirable and attractive.

Our customs have played a mean trick in a sense, because nature has made you sexually mature before you are ready for marriage. Even though you are considered too young to get married, there are strong sexual impulses within you which always make their presence felt.

Scientifically, this is perfectly understandable. You may remember from biology or hygiene studies that there are strong forces at work within us called "instincts." One of these is the "sex instinct."

The sexual instinct starts much earlier than most of us think. Starting from childhood many try to satisfy the sex instinct by masturbation.

This has been falsely considered everything from sinful to the cause of acne.

Acne is not the result of masturbation.

There is another way to handle the incompletely satisfied emotions created by sex instincts. Physical activity in the form of recreation serves as an excellent means for the expression of pent-up emotions. Any of the popular games, such as tennis, golf, or swimming, provide a very good



*SINCE there is no one cause of acne, naturally there is no one treatment. Therefore, it is wise to take advantage of every bit of knowledge on the subject, for self-help plays a big part in the care and eventual clear health of the skin.*

way to divert the energy derived from the sexual instinct.

Some of this sexual energy can be expended also in hobbies and crafts. Similarly, dramatics, art, and music have a stimulation of their own and make worthwhile diversions for young people.

Since emotional tension is a drain on your energy and health, and since it may well play a part in your acne, all sources of such tension should be uncovered and eliminated.

If it is due to problems at school or on the job, these problems should be discussed with someone capable of advising on such matters or with interested friends. If the tension seems to arise from more intimate or personal matters, causing vague feelings of unhappiness (the reason for which you cannot quite seem to put your finger on), talk it over with an older, understanding person or with your doctor.

Everyone is self-conscious about something. But sensitivity about one's appearance is likely to be particularly strong in young people.

Because of what they consider an unsightly appearance, young men and women with acne develop feelings of self-consciousness which are greater than they might have

ordinarily. These feelings are so common that you can be sure that everyone with acne has experienced them.

Generally speaking, the amount of self-consciousness that one has with acne depends on one's frame of mind. You know that when you are worried and unhappy about something you are irritable and easily upset by trivial things. These same things would not bother you at all under happier circumstances.

## Be tranquil

WHAT about this business of being sensitive? How does one get to be this way? The way you react throughout your life to any given situation, good or bad, depends on the early experiences of your childhood. If you were fortunate enough to have had an ideally happy childhood, it is likely that you will not be unduly sensitive.

On the other hand, if childhood was a nightmare of fears and unhappiness, the opposite will be true. Underlying feelings of inferiority and lack of self-confidence will be shown by your self-consciousness, unsureness, and oversensitiveness.

Now it is not quite as simple as this. First of all, most of you have had neither completely happy nor completely unhappy childhoods. But in everyone's childhood inevitably there have been many experiences which, at the time they occurred, caused unhappiness. These even happened in the happiest of homes. Because of these experiences, long forgotten perhaps, everyone has some feelings of self-consciousness.

When you have acne in a place where everyone can see it, try, at all costs, not to allow your sensitiveness about the way people react to you to get out of hand.

With proper attention your complexion can be cleared. Acne is not something which will always be with you. In fact, with treatment, no evidence may remain to indicate that you ever had acne. But while you are receiving treatment you need not be miserable. Allowing yourself to be so upset certainly will not help your acne and might possibly aggravate it.

## Some points to remember . . .

### Diet

EAT three well-balanced meals a day.

All meals should contain good helpings of all proteins (except butter).

Round off your meals with moderate helpings of starches (bread, potato, or corn) and fats, such as butter.

Ask your doctor to suggest a multivitamin preparation to take with each meal.

If one certain food constantly makes your acne worse, stop eating it.

Do not tinker with a good nourishing diet just on the hunch that some food is bad for your acne.

Do not diet just to help your acne.

If you are overweight, eat fewer starches and fats with your proteins. If you are underweight, eat more starches and fats with your proteins.

Do not eat on the run. Relax while you are at meals.

### Health

EIGHT hours of sleep is a necessity.

Allow yourself enough time in the mornings so that you can take care of your skin, eat a good breakfast, and attend to personal needs.

Try to organise your programme for the day to eliminate rush.

Make lunch and dinner not only "mealtimes" but a period for both physical and mental relaxation.

Arrange for some sort of physical recreation at least once a week.

In moderation, sun-bathing has its place in acne care and good health.

Do not allow every problem that arises to upset you.

Do not be overly sensitive about your appearance—it is only a small part of you.

Do not hesitate to talk over your problems with someone—it will help.

### Treatment

EACH morning wash thoroughly with hot water and soap, using a wash cloth. Dry with a rough towel.

Moisten your skin with a skin lotion, leaving a slight excess on the skin to dry in the air.

Wash again at midday as directed.

Clean up for dinner as you did for lunch, using the lotion if necessary.

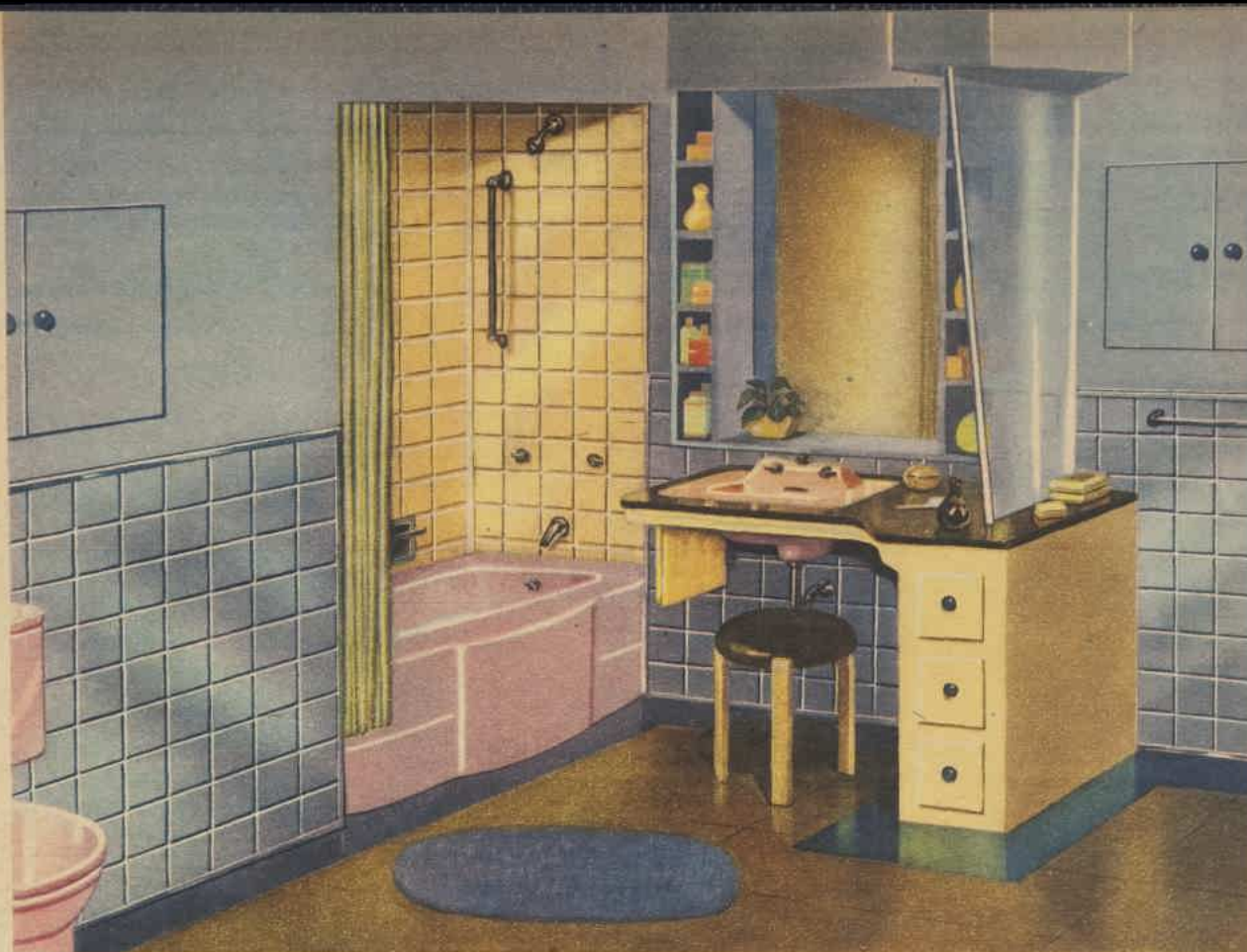
Before retiring at night, steam the skin for fifteen to twenty minutes; remove as many blackheads as you can in five minutes; then wash with hot water and soap, dry, and apply lotion.

If your scalp needs attention, use a scalp lotion. Shampoo once a week.

If your doctor has prescribed an ointment instead of a lotion, follow his instructions for its use.

Do not overtreat yourself or use creams or greasy cosmetics.





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AT ALL CHEMISTS

# Worth Reporting

WE were a little surprised when a young Englishman walked into our office the other day, asking for photographs of his favorite film star.

The young man proved to be no ordinary film fan. He wanted pictures of Deanna Durbin to add to the collection of 3000 pictures he already had of her.

The film fan is Rodney Dixon-Wright, whom Miss Durbin calls "Faithful Charlie." He came from Kingston-on-Thames six months ago to live in Sydney.

"I began my hobby 11 years ago after seeing Deanna Durbin in a film for the first time," Rodney said.

"Since then I've seen nearly every film she has made."

For some of the photographs Rodney has paid as much as 25/- each.

His years of faithful fan-mail paid off last year in an invitation from the former star and her French film-producer husband, Charles David, to spend three days at their house near Paris.

"Despite years as a feted box-office star," Rodney said, "she now lives the life of a domesticated housewife. The only time she sings is when she puts Peter and Jessica, her two children, to bed."

## The "sportive" British

IN Sydney on leave from the South Seas recently were two women traffic officers for a South Pacific airline, Mrs. Evelyn Lee, of Suva, Fiji, and Paulette, of Tahiti, who has skin the color of orange honey, hair to match, and no surname.

Both are mothers and both are doing a man's job in surroundings which neither would change for a big city.

Second in charge of her company's Suva office since 1947, Mrs. Lee makes out load sheets, deals with all passenger problems, and enjoys the times when she acts as relieving flight clerk and has a return trip to Tahiti.

Admiring a candy-striped jumper in a King's Cross window, Paulette was hailed suddenly as "Miss Teal, Miss Teal," by an ecstatic gentleman who had been to Tahiti a year ago.

"What are you doing here?" Paulette asked the former traveller.

"Just saving up until I can go back to Tahiti again," he said breathlessly.

Slender Paulette told us that her son goes to school in New Zealand, and waved her hands in protest when we said, "Why not France?"

"Ah, never!" she cried. "All my sisters go to France to school, and work and work until two o'clock every morning, and what do they learn about? France, nothing else. Today it is useless, and also unhealthy."

"In your British schools you have lots of sports. But the Frenchman is not sportive. You have seen him? He is small, he walks like this," she said, crouching, and hunching her shoulders.



## Guinea pigs live in luxury

GUINEA pigs and rabbits are living a life of luxury in one of Victoria's most beautiful homes.

The home is "Burnham Beeches," at Sassafra, built by the late Mr. A. M. Nicholas. It has been converted into a modern medical and veterinary research institute.

Scientists working at "Burnham Beeches" have found that the centrally heated orchid houses on the 130-acre estate are ideal housing for the rabbits and guinea pigs used for drug-control purposes.

For the animals it means a life of luxurious pleasure, because the experiments for which they are used are quite painless.

In transforming the home and grounds into a research institute, the gracious atmosphere has been altered as little as possible.

The indoor, heated swimming-pool, tennis and squash courts, and the ornamental lake and boatshed still remain for the use of the 80-man scientific staff.

Mrs. G. Bloggs, the institute's receptionist, spends half a day a week arranging huge bowls of flowers to decorate the reception-rooms and offices. The garden keeps her supplied with flowers all the year round.

IT costs a lot to smell nice.

The costliest perfume in the world, we're told, is Jean Patou's "Joy," from Paris.

"Joy" is based on the finest of rose oils, rosa damascena, and jasmin oil, blended with more than 100 other flower essences. You can buy 4oz. for £5/3/6, or pay £225 for a pint.

## She sat and watched

DIMINUTIVE Mrs. Elka Sher, of Melbourne, might be termed a suitcase spotter, and, if one of these days you throw away your battered brown suitcase in favor of a fibreglass model, it will probably be due to her.

Elka, the only woman sales director in the Australian wholesale travel goods trade, works with her husband in the firm his father founded 40 years ago.

After taking up her directorship, Elka sat around air terminals and rail stations watching people toting suitcases. She came to the conclusion that light, strong, washable, brightly colored cases could well replace some of the brown fibre jobs.

Now the firm is turning out cases in more than 10 colors to match current motor-car upholstery.

# Book News

By HELEN FRIZELL

DANCER Beth Dean and husband Victor Carell, authors of "Dust for the Dancers," recount the story of their 10,000-mile trip around Australia's centre to study the significance and technique of aboriginal dancing.

Beth Dean, who later danced before the Queen in Antill's "Corroboree," describes native gatherings round the campfires, when the didgeridus are playing, the women clapping, black feet are stirring the red dust of the inland, and the desert moon is up.

These ceremonial dances, the myths of the black people, and accounts of life in the far outback will fascinate readers who are interested in the great Australia away from the crowded cities.

Published by Ure Smith. (Our copy from the publishers.)

## We wish we were

A FRIEND of ours, soon to travel in a French passenger ship, rang the office of the shipping line to make inquiries about her cabin.

Her questions were answered by a gallant Frenchman, who told her she would have to share her cabin with "another lady."

"How old is she?" our friend asked. "I'd prefer to travel with a young person."

"The other lady is young," said the Frenchman.

"But HOW young?" asked our friend.

"Mademoiselle," said the chivalrous official, "I do not know her age. ALL ladies are young."

## FICTION-PACKED CHRISTMAS ISSUE

● Our special Christmas issue, on sale next week, will be packed with entertaining holiday reading. It will include:

- A new serial.
- Six short stories.
- Another instalment of *Margerie Morningstar*.

"ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY," our new two-part serial, is by Edward Streeter, author of "Father of the Bride," that hilarious comedy which scored such a success as a film with Spencer Tracy playing Father.

"THANKS FOR A MIRACLE," a Christmas short story by American Frances Bergman, tells of an unusual and heart-warming Christmas surprise.

"THE WOMAN IN THE CASE," by Margery Sharp, mixes excitement and romance with a dash of murder and blackmail.

"A SPRING MOTIF," by Frances Gray Patton, author of "Good Morning, Miss Dove," one of our most popular serials this year, is a beautifully told tale about teenagers.

"SALLY AND THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL," by well-known English mystery writer Nancy Spain, is a piece of light-hearted whimsy about a naughty cherub banished to earth as punishment.

"HER NAME WAS FOLLY," by American Donald M. Berwick, is the story of two men, a very pretty girl, plus the pretty girl's fearsome Mama, all thrown together on a luxury liner.

"A GIFT FOR AUNT HARRIET," by Laura Baker, tells how a businessman's aged aunt gets a big and beautiful doll for Christmas while the businessman gets a lesson on life—and love.

Don't miss all these stories in next week's special Christmas issue of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY. Look for the paper with the choir boys on the cover.



# A new Comet in the sky



COMET III, de Havilland's new jet airliner, created the worst traffic jam in Sydney's history when it attracted enormous crowds to Mascot airport after its trip from London — the fastest commercial flight over the route.

## Commander is the only bachelor among crew of latest jet plane

Last week I was one of the first Australian women to fly in the mighty Comet III—the aircraft from which will develop the Comet IV, first big jet plane on regular service in the world.

THE airliner a few days before had arrived in Australia from England on the first long-range test of a Comet since a series of disasters to Comet I and Comet II had almost forced the manufacturers—the de Havilland Aircraft Company—to scrap the Comets.

On this flight from Sydney to Melbourne, Press men and women were shown that flying in the Comet III at 20,000 feet at a speed of about 440 miles per hour could be delightfully smooth, vibrationless, and cool. Although the cabin was only partially pressurised at four pounds per square inch, because the aircraft is developmental, there was no discomfort.

The day was fine and clear. At 3.13 p.m. we left Mascot airport, Sydney, with a crescendo roar of four jet engines that sounded like 100 rain and wind storms outside.

The plane took off with breathtaking suddenness in nine seconds. Exactly one hour and 50 minutes later we touched down at Essendon, Melbourne, at a frightening speed of 110 m.p.h. and with only a little bump.

During the flight we were each summoned into the awe-inspiring cockpit, there to meet some of the men who handle the plane.

The instrument panel, literally covered in what one woman reporter called "A mass of dear little clocks," is, we were told, simpler than that in the Constellation or the Vickers Viscount. Nevertheless, it has 80 warning lights.

Farther back, among the testing-recording equipment, in the spot usually occupied by the galley, was a panel with 80 more dials. One of them clicked ominously — but it was only the half-second time base, by which the other instruments are synchronised.

In charge of these dials is fair-haired instrument engineer John Marshall, who had trouble remembering his right age (he turned 34 on November 25).

Marshall served with the Fleet Air Arm during the war in the Middle and Far East. He has a wife and two young children in North London.

Of all the men who make the aircraft go, only one is a bachelor. He is the 38-year-old, good-looking commander,

John ("Cat's Eyes") Cunningham, de Havilland's chief test pilot and an enthusiastic farmer.

He has been with the Comet project all the way through and has seen 500 hours in Comets.

I asked him whether he found the plane easier to handle than a car.

"Much less foot and hand-work than a car," he said. "You set the altitude, the direction and speed on the automatic pilot, and then flip the button."

Cunningham has a 12-acre farm at Kinsbourne, 10 miles from the de Havilland factory and 30 miles north of London.

In his quiet, matter-of-fact voice, he said: "I used to have a herd of Jerseys, but I was never able to get home to milk them, so now I run beef cattle. Much less trouble all round."

"I do like gardening, though. And shooting, of course, in winter—partridge, pheasant, rabbits."

During the war Cunningham was with an R.A.F. night-fighter squadron in the south of England. He was the only one to whom I did not need to put the question:

"What does your wife think of you working on Comets?"

The answer I got from all the crew was: "She accepts it. She's used to it by now."

"Mine goes dancing," said Rolls-Royce representative Eric Holley, 33, "to take her mind off it."

Navigator Bob Chandler, 42, "the father of the crew," said: "I taught mine to play golf."

Quiet, bespectacled Chandler has been a radio operator and navigator in planes for the past 20 years. During the war he helped ferry bombers across the Atlantic because his shortsightedness kept him out of the R.A.F.

Before 1935 he was a radio operator on some of the old P. and O. ships coming to Australia.

"I even had a girl-friend in St. Kilda, Melbourne, who was a nurse," he said. "I believe she is a grandmother now. But I don't know her married name."

Baby of the crew, Stanley Borrie, 28, calls himself an aerodynamicist. He checks the engines on test flights like this.

"But when I go home," he said, "I can't boast, because my wife, Maureen, is also a flight-test observer with the Hunting Percival Aircraft Company. She's got a private licence, too. She takes me up in a Tiger Moth."

Borrie is quite sure, however, that he would rather be in the Comet, because it's bigger and much smoother.

Co-pilot Peter Bugge is a 37-year-old Norwegian with a high forehead and an interesting accent. Air-mad for as long as he can remember, he escaped in a fishing-boat with 13 others across the North Sea when the Germans invaded his country.

The terrible crossing took nine days and he was sea-sick all the time. In England, he joined the re-formed Norwegian Air Force.

"I've been trying to get on to a boat ever since," he said. "But I've never had the time. I think boat travel is much nicer than air travel. It's much too quick by air."

Bugge lives with his English wife, Prue, and two children in a 400-year-old farmhouse

By BARBARA RICHARDS, staff reporter



PILOT. Group-Captain John Cunningham, who flew the Comet from London, talks with our reporter, Barbara Richards, beside the huge airliner.

near Hatfield. His son has one ambition—to join the Royal Navy. His wife spends a lot of time driving the stock cars which he "soups up."

Two flight engineers, Brackstone Brown and Jim Hamilton, have a special interest in this latest of Comets. They helped build the original Comet D.H.88 in which Scott and Black won the England-Australia air race in 1934.

Brown, 36, who is de Havilland's chief flight engineer, has done 2000 hours in Comets. "My job at the age of 16 was filling my mouth with tacks and hammering them into the little wooden Comet," he said.

Hamilton, 35, another with 20 years' service at de Havilland's, is keen

on sailing—in an 11ft. 6in. dinghy. "Much less worry," he said. "Only the wind to look out for."

On the trip of approximately 473 air miles between Sydney and Melbourne, the Comet III circled Canberra at 300 feet—so low when we banked that it seemed one wing tip must surely scrape the ground.

At other times, as the plane flew between the sun and the distant grey earth, its shadow rushed across the ground.

We saw in miniature the 96ft. cigar-shaped body and the swept-back wings spanning 115 feet, each with its powerful searchlight.

About 46 people travelled in the Comet III's Sydney-Melbourne flight. But some of the passenger space was taken

up with special recording equipment.

Comet IV will carry 60 first-class passengers, with baggage and freight (capacity payload 16,720lb.), or 76 tourist-class passengers. It will have a range of 3000 miles.

During flight, the high-pitched whine of the four Rolls-Royce engines, which eat up 66,000lb. of aviation kerosene in eight hours' flying time, was only just noticeable.

We were told that they developed between them a 40,000lb. thrust—three times that developed by the Canberra Jet and 13 times that of the Vampire Jet.

Comet Statistics: It is silver outside,

grey inside, with tomato-red-and-white

striped curtains, inky-blue flecked plastic seats, and matching carpeted floor. The passenger cabin is divided into two compartments with a curtained doorway in between.

The Comet III made the fastest commercial flight from London to Sydney, arriving Sydney, Sunday, December 4. It travelled 11,500 miles in 43 hours 52 minutes. Actual flying time was 24 hours 23 minutes. Average speed in flight was 472 miles per hour.

Value of the plane is £A1,250,000; cruising speed 500 miles per hour; maximum speed about 650 miles per hour.

Comet IV will be on the Australian run in early 1959, all going well.



ON ARRIVAL in Melbourne after the trip from Sydney in the Comet III are, from left, Group-Captain Cunningham, co-pilot Peter Bugge, B.O.A.C. pilot Captain Peter Cane, and the navigator, Bob Chandler, who is known as "the father of the crew."



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BRAND

*sunglasses cut out reflected glare*

*yet do not dim the view*



*Only Polaroid Sunglasses cut out reflected glare, yet do not dim the view! All other sunglasses rely on their dark colour to dim-out glare; they dim-out the view as well! Polaroid Sunglasses are completely different. The scientific lenses eliminate reflected glare, but let the rest of the light come through. Polaroid Sunglasses are unique—and so much better. Prove it for yourself—then buy the shape that suits you best from the smart range of new Polaroid Sunglasses.*



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Every pair of genuine Polaroid Sunglasses, has a "control tag" attached. This tag contains a small circle of Polaroid lens, to prove, with the aid of unique "Blackout test," that the sunglasses you buy are genuine. Just place the tag over the lens and rotate.

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
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**\* POLAROID**  
**SUNGLASSES**



*Best under the Sun*

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AT OPTICIANS, CHEMISTS, SPORTS & DEPARTMENTAL STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 21, 1955



# 'Baby Talk' No. 7

What is the baby saying? Bright, appropriate captions to this picture can win prize-money totalling £100. Results of "Baby Talk" Contest No. 4 are given below.

EACH week we offer a first prize of £50, three awards of £10, three of £5, and five of £1 for captions to these appealing baby studies by Constance Bannister, of New York.

Rules for the contest are given below, but please note that each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by the identification coupon.

Without this entry coupon judges have no way of telling to which picture your caption is intended to refer.

Captions must be no longer than 15 words. But, as prize-winning entries in our fourth "Baby Talk" Contest show, the best captions are generally shorter.

What is wanted is a light touch and general appeal.

"Baby Talk" No. 7 closes on December 26. Results will be given in our issue dated January 11.

Remember that heavy Christmas posts frequently cause delays in delivery of mail. So, to make sure your entry arrives before 5 p.m. on the closing date, send it to us as soon as you can.

## ENTRY COUPON

The Australian Women's Weekly  
"Baby Talk" Contest  
**No. 7**

December 21, 1955



"Baby Talk" No. 7

## CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by entry coupon at left.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 7 close on DECEMBER 26. Winners will be announced in our issue dated JANUARY 11.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.
6. When entries are duplicated, the first one opened will be put aside for further judging.
7. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

## No. 4 CONTEST RESULTS

The caption "Clear the pool, chaps—this'll be a belly-whacker" won first prize of £50 in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 4.

WINNER was Miss P. Denniston, Flat 8, 2a Milner Crescent, Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.

£10 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. S. I. Jamieson, 4 Gardiner Ave., Warradale Park, S.A.

"Bills! Bills! Bills! Where's the money coming from—trees?"

Mrs. W. Wolnizer, 21 Riwana Rd., Rose Bay, Tas.

"I learned THAT one in the Commandos."

Mrs. Len Thorburn, Heskett, via Woodend, Vic.

"Out! L.B.W."

£5 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. A. M. Stone, 81 Gordon St., Northam, W.A.

"If I look up I'll LAUGH."

Mrs. Elsie James, Freshwater, Cairns, Qld.

"A man's always in trouble, can't even walk through the house with his boots on."

Mrs. F. White, M.S. 118 Jandowae, Qld.

"You do what you like, it's your car!"

£1 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. A. N. Wallis, 15 Caithness St., Kedron, Qld.

"Children, please, my head's just SPLITTING."

Mrs. M. Chadwick, 9 Battersea St., Abbotsford, N.S.W.

"For the last time, no, you can't go to the pictures."



"Clear the pool, chaps—this'll be a belly-whacker."

Mrs. B. Hodgson, 5/122 Old South Head Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

"I don't know about you, old boy, but I'm turning in."

Mrs. M. Hughes, 246 Glenferrie Rd., Elsternwick, Vic.

"Why don't you get up first, for a change!"

Mrs. W. E. Langford, 767 Nepean Highway, East Brighton, Vic.

"I've rechecked that balance, and I'm still twopence out."

Quite early in the judging, "Life gets tedious, don't it?" emerged as readers' favorite caption in Contest No. 4.

"I've washed my hair and can't do a thing with it," and the three wise monkeys were other sources of inspiration.

Popular subjects for captions concerned spinach, baths (with emphasis on ear washing), castor oil, and the unpredictable ways of women, especially mothers.

Many readers said how much entertainment these contests were giving members of their families.

a little Trix

does  
a lot  
of work



## WASHING-UP

1 TEASPOONFUL PER WASH-UP

Imagine! A bottle of Trix does 128 wash-ups (that's 24 times as many as the average woman gets from a "giant" packet of soap powder). Also... Trix cuts wash-up time in half... for when you use Trix there's no need to dry-up!



## WASHING CLOTHES

1 TABLESPOON TO 2 GAL. OF WATER

No need for expensive soaps and powders when you use TRIX! And Trix gives you a cleaner wash with far less rinsing. Trix is "soap-less"—there's no suds residue left on the clothes.



## CARPETS or UPHOLSTERY

1 TEASPOON TO A PINT OF WATER

Save £'s on cleaning bills! With Trix you can "do it yourself." Trix "lifts out" and absorbs dirt and grease... colours come up bright and new-looking.



## WINDOW CLEANING

1 TEASPOONFUL TO 1 GAL. OF WATER

Sponge over the panes with Trix-in-water and see how that glass will sparkle! Smears and smudges just disappear. Trix is equally wonderful for all your glassware and crystal.



## LINOLEUM, TILED FLOORS

1 TABLESPOON TO ½ BUCKET OF WATER

Watch that film of grease, dirt and stale wax lift right off when you use Trix! (Trix is gentle... it contains no abrasives or harsh solvents.) Use Trix for cleaning paintwork, too!



## CAR CLEANING

1 TABLESPOON TO A BUCKET OF WATER

Trix is half the price of "special" car shampoos... yet NONE does a better job than Trix. Wash the car with Trix-in-water, hose as you go along, and that traffic film disappears like magic! Trix cleans your engine, too.



**Trix is thick**  
it goes twice as far as  
ordinary detergents

TRIX is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.  
makers of famous Mortein



# "KISMET"—ARABIAN NIGHTS MUSICAL

"Kismet," the Arabian Nights play which was a hit before World War I, is staging a comeback. With exciting music by Borodin, it is now playing at Melbourne's Princess Theatre. Starred with Hayes Gordon is Madge Stephens, of Geelong, Vic., hailed as a brilliant find.



LALUME (Morgan St. John), roving-eyed wife of the Wazir, is delighted with the rascally Hajj and does all she can to foster his growing reputation for magic.

RIGHT: Newly created an Emir by the Wazir because of his skill as a wizard, Hajj samples the heady Rahadlakum Bowl offered by the ladies of the harem.



INDIAN PRINCESS SAMARIS (Vija Votra) dances for the Caliph when he is forced to choose a bride from the three Princesses of Ababu, who have come to Bagdad in the hope of marrying him. Omar (Richard Webb), poet laureate, looks on, disapproving the Caliph's reluctance to choose a bride since Marsinah (Madge Stephens) married.



SUBLIME MOMENT for Hajj, the beggar poet (Hayes Gordon), who has become a rich man by accepting gold from a brigand to remove a curse—a task in which, to his own surprise, he succeeds. Luxuriously he reclines to smoke a hookah, surrounded by his newly acquired slave girls. Color pictures by staff photographer Gary Linney.







**CALIPH OF BAGDAD** (Wim Jonker), seated at left, unhappy because his Wazir married Hajj's daughter Marsinah, whom he wanted to marry himself, watches as Hajj revenges the marriage by fooling the Wazir.



**THE WAZIR** (above) marries Marsinah to prevent her marrying the Caliph and him from losing a big marriage fee.

**RIGHT:** Disguised, the Caliph finds Marsinah (Madge Stephens) daydreaming. They are instantly, mutually attracted.







Give the Man in your life

an exclusive

## COUNTRY CLUB

Combination Gift Set and Travel Kit

There's no shorter cut to being a successful gift-giver than to choose your Xmas gifts from these manly Country Club Toilet Products. You might spend hours shopping . . . and not find another gift as certain to be received with joy as these practical new Country Club Gift Packs for men. You might spend pounds more for a present and not equal the luxury of these truly fine products that make a man look his best and feel his best at Xmas time, or at any time! You'll find a big selection at modest prices as near as your local chemist!



This de-luxe Country Club Gift Set is made from imitation Crocodile-skin Plastic (with white piping). The Gift Set is completed with a sturdy long-wearing metal zipper. Holds three Country Club products . . . available in three combinations for the ultimate in good grooming.

13/9 to 17/9

Made from heavyweight, durable Bamboo-grain Plastic (with brown piping) the Country Club Men's Travel Kit is completed with a practical press-stud closure. Available in three sizes and seven combinations, these smart new packs have a look of real Christmas luxury—in spite of their sensible prices.

11/9 to 20/6

Sold by all Chemists



FOR TEENAGERS

## Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Growing up is full of difficulties. When you are suffering it, it is not much comfort to know that everyone has had similar troubles, but it may help to know that everyone survives to enjoy life more fully than he previously did.

A LETTER this week from "S.C." mirrors the problems of many teenagers.

"I AM 13½ and I want help.

I seem to get on my mother's nerves and she gets on mine. I can't stand my grandmother, either; she is always saying I must speak better.

"The only time I feel at home now is with people my own age, except boys. I feel ill at ease when they are around. I don't know whether you will think this is silly or not, but I have a crush on a boy who is in third year. (I am in second year.) We go to different schools. I think I would die if he ever said 'hello.'"

"My main trouble about boys is that I am not pretty and I know it.

"Another thing, I love to go to the pictures. I was very friendly with a girl who lives across the street from us. She is two years older than I, and started work at the beginning of this year in an office. We didn't have a fight, but she just knocked off going about with me. Now I have no one to go out with. I don't like going out with my mother. Another thing is, I hardly eat anything now. I just don't seem to like anything. Could you tell me why this is so?"

"S.C., Bankstown."

I don't think you have problems; you are a problem yourself. But you are a problem only because you are 13½. It is a bad age—the age when most normal girls dislike their mothers, resent correction, fall in love for the first time, think they are ugly, and are unhappy.

Don't mistake me when I say all girls of 13½ feel like



## DEBBIE'S RECIPE

DEBBIE, our teenage chef, is always popular when she makes these Peanut Crisp Cookies. Serve them with a cool drink.

Ingredients: Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 6oz. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 small egg, 1 cup raw peanuts, 1½ cups rice bubbles.

1. Cream butter or substitute with sugar.
2. Add egg and mix well.
3. Fold in sifted flour and cinnamon.
4. Stir in peanuts and rice bubbles, stirring until mixture is even and peanuts thoroughly mixed in.
5. Place in small heaps, the size of golf balls, on greased trays.
6. Store in airtight jars or tins when cold.

you do. It is more a state of mind than an exact age. These feelings come to girls at varying ages, at the time they begin their womanhood. Every one of us goes through it.

You are not pretty, you say. No one is at 13½. You have to lose your schoolgirl awkwardness, and learn some make-up magic and hair know-how before you turn into an attractive woman. Believe me this will happen to you.

Look at that friend across the street. I'm sure you think she's pretty and knows how to manage boys. She felt like you do once.

When you reach the stage she is at now, you'll find a world where even mothers and grandmothers are nice people. They do seem to prate about speaking nicely and behaving well, but try to do what they say and you'll find that quicker than most girls you've got poise.

Poise, as you'll note,

rhymes with boys, and having poise makes you able to cope with boys—even ones you have a crush on. Poise is made up of many things. For a start, let's say it is being good-mannered (about which I do seem to harp, but it is important), and able to deal confidently, without being embarrassed, with boys who say "hello." But you'll never achieve it while you are thinking about yourself and the impressions you are making all the time. That automatically makes you awkward.

There is only one thing for you to do, really—live through this horrid time. Go to the pictures with your mother (you might meet some friends there), and concentrate on school and things that don't worry you.

I don't know what has happened to your appetite. See your family doctor about it.

• Kay Melan is at present on holiday.

## \*\*\*\*\* DISC DIGEST \*\*\*\*\*

EVERY year about this time sales soar on Bing Crosby's "White Christmas" and his two-disc set, "The Small One." You'll be glad to know that the latter, which is a sincerely told legend about the Christ Child, has now been transferred to LP (330S.7539), and it is backed with "The Happy Prince." This charming tale, from the pen of Oscar Wilde, is narrated by Crosby with the assistance of Orson Welles.

ANOTHER record that is sure of ready acceptance by the young and not-so-young is "Music From Disneyland" (330SX.7532), played by Jack Pleis' big band and a chorus. You'll find all the hit tunes from Disney's "Snow White," "Pinocchio," "Three Caballeros," "Cinderella," "Three Little Pigs," "So Dear To My Heart," "Song Of The South," and "Bambi."

WINIFRED ATWELL'S new 78 r.p.m. disc (Y.6748), "Let's Have A Gay And Hearty," seems to be tailor-made for a party. Seated at her "other piano" (that's the jangly old veteran), Winnie plays "Happy Days Are Here Again," "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," "Yes, We Have No Bananas," "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," and several other tunes.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



For wear and style

insist on



Oily Skin? ashamed of it?

Then do something about it now! Use this special new de-oiling treatment recommended by skin doctors.

Every night and morning, after washing your face—smooth a lavish coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over face. The "keratolytic" action of this greaseless cream dissolves off dead skin flakes. Excess oil is gone. Tiny glands can function normally. Leave cream on one minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. Girls report . . . "My skin looks so clean now!" "No more oily look!"



# Four hits on the holiday playbill



**Cole Porter's  
"CAN CAN"**

NOW SHOWING at Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne. Cole Porter's latest musical comedy has the can-can craze of the gay 'nineties in Paris as its theme. Here French-Canadian Sheila Arnaud (Pistache) lures young Australian lead William Newman (Judge Forestier) from his duty.



**"JACK AND  
JILL"**

THIS TRADITIONAL English pantomime, produced by Emile Littler, will have its first Sydney showing when it opens at the Tivoli Theatre on Boxing Day. Principal boy attractive Nina Cooke will play Jack, and Maree Austin will be Jack's playmate, Jill.



**"SINBAD  
THE SAILOR"**

JENNY HOWARD will play one of her favorite roles in this rollicking panto, which opens at Melbourne Tivoli on December 23. Co-starring in his first role as a dame is straight actor Gordon Chater. The Salici puppets and comedy team Love Hite and Stanley will also appear to amuse the children in this Christmas show.



**"TEAHOUSE OF  
THE AUGUST  
MOON"**

U.S. ARMY satire opens at Sydney's Theatre Royal on Dec. 24. Above are John Bonney (Captain Fisby) and Hilary Bamberger (Lotus Blossom).



This Christmas can bring the rich gift of  
**truly beautiful hair**



## Richard Hudnut egg creme Shampoo

It's soapless, of course—and it's made with real egg formula. Egg protein has always been considered to be specially good for your hair. Hair itself is protein, you know, so it naturally benefits from this affinity of protein to protein. This rich, golden shampoo cleanses so quickly, rinses so completely, it leaves your hair beautifully clean, extra manageable. Dull dry hair, limp oily hair gain new beauty—hidden subtleties of tone are magically revealed. Permanents take better. 4 oz. bottle, 4/11; 8 oz. bottle, 8/9.



## Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse

This pretty pink liquid creme, rinsed through just once, makes your hair gleam with shining loveliness . . . fragrant . . . tangle-free, easy to comb and set. Pin curls take shape smoothly—are bound to last longer. Richard Hudnut Creme Rinse is an amazingly effective hair reconditioner . . . a boon to sun or wind-damaged hair . . . strengthens your perm. or natural wave. Perfectly wonderful for children's hair, too—no more snarls to comb through . . . 4 oz. bottle, 4/11; 8 oz. bottle, 8/9.

Two more hair beautifiers to make busy women even lovelier.

### Richard Hudnut Dandruff Lotion

Works wonders two ways—as a germicide, clearing away stubborn dandruff . . . as a refreshant, stimulating scalp circulation, keeping hair and scalp fragrant and healthy. 8 oz. bottles, 6/9.



### Richard Hudnut Creme Brilliantine

Delicately perfumed and rich in lanolin, but not sticky or greasy. Gives you true "salon" grooming at home . . . your hair stays beautifully set and lustrous all day. 4 oz. bottles, 4/11.



"You go in the water if you want to; I'll just lie here with my eyes closed and try to take a nap."



"We're going away for a lovely, lazy, carefree holiday . . . Well, we're going AWAY, anyhow."

## It seems to me

WITH half an ear on the radio the other Saturday I came to attention in the middle of a B.B.C. interview with a woman who had been Kipling's housekeeper.

The interview was conducted in Kipling's study, which is kept as it was at the time of his death in 1936.

The bit that attracted my attention ran something like this:

Interviewer: "Ah, the desk is very inkstained, I see."

Housekeeper (with relish—obviously a rehearsed bit): "Yes, indeed. When Mr.

Kipling's writing wasn't going well he used to sling his pen at the desk."

I can't be sure whether the word was "sling" or "fling," but the effect in damage to Mr. K's desk and carpet would have been identical.

This shows one aspect in which modern life has changed for the worse. Those few people who write by hand today use fountain pens which are much too expensive to sling at a desk. Cheap ball-points might do for the purpose, but ink-slinging is a vanishing pastime.

Humbler writers who earn their livings on newspapers have to be more circumspect. In any case, an office typewriter is too heavy for the purpose of slinging.

REPORTED from Honolulu, the latest in bathroom accessories — toothbrushes with mink handles.

The details are the reason why  
Her house is so admired,  
And all her friends, inspecting, cry,  
"Original! Inspired!"

Whatever could have made you think  
She's spendthrift? What a scandal!  
She always saves her last year's mink  
For next year's toothbrush handle!

THE appeal of Miss Terry Moore, Hollywood actress, for "public respect" strikes a wistful note.

It appears that Miss Moore, having worn a bikini when entertaining troops in Korea and having been photographed in Istanbul with her panties showing, became disturbed.

So she wrote a letter about this to American columnist Walter Winchell, saying that she wanted to be respected and would like a scrapbook of clippings that she "could be proud to show her grandchildren."

Miss Moore seems a very unresourceful sort of girl.

The obvious solution is to keep two scrapbooks. In the one for her grandchildren she can be photographed wearing clothes.

By



Dorothy Drann

MOTHERS have a hard time these days trying to keep up with the knowledge of the young.

The other night I was one of a quartet listening to a space serial.

One of the quartet was a small boy. The rest of us were three women.

(Confidentially, it was the first space serial I ever listened to, and I could hardly wait till the next Sunday night to see whether the things on the radar screen were meteorites or Martians.)

Anyhow, in this serial one of the rocket ships was scuttled, and a fellow in the surviving part of the fleet kept worrying about leaving the bodies of the occupants in the wrecked ship.

"I suppose," said one of the grown-up ladies, showing off her knowledge, "the ship will just go circling on in space."

"Will it really?" asked another of the ladies, wide-eyed.

The small boy looked disgusted. "Goodness, Mummie," he said, "don't you even know THAT!"

AN atomic weapon made in America is known as "Honest Joe."

Query: Does the chooser of such a name have a macabre sense of humor, or no sense of humor at all?

THERE has never been a Christmas with more glitter.

Shopping is revving up to its final fever pitch. As always, the gifts on display are a mixture of desirable treasures and fearful junk.

That, of course, is what adds the nervous strain to Christmas buying. One woman's junk is another's heart's desire, and vice versa.

HEALTHY sheep sleep little, if at all, according to an English scientist, but this statement is challenged by South African farmers, who say that sheep often sleep soundly.

How sleeps a sheep? Or does he lie  
By troubled dreams encumbered?

Would worrying sorts of fretful thoughts  
Awake him if he slumbered?

It's not surprising, when you think  
Of matters like inflation,

If sleep he lack when on his back  
('Tis said so) rides the nation.

Well, some say this and some say that  
Some say they've seen sheep sleeping

(Especially sheep who've counted men  
Across a hurdle leaping).

A black sheep whom I know remarked:  
"We're wool and then we're mutton."

We sheep on sleep our counsel keep  
And I ain't sayin' nuttin'."





**AT RECEPTION.** Mr. and Mrs. Donald Arnott wait to greet the guests at the reception held in the Rainbow Room, Australia Hotel, following their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Mrs. Arnott was Judy Hunt, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hunt, of "Erina," North Star.



**BRIDE AND ATTENDANTS.** Judy Hunt arrives at St. Mark's, Darling Point, for her marriage with Donald Arnott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Arnott. Attendants are Ann Manchec (left), Oenone Hixson, newlywed Mrs. Ned Combes (who was Diana White), and Mrs. Wallace Longworth.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**G**AY Christmas cards from overseas are arriving every day in lots of Sydney homes, and many of them are from Australians now living in other countries.

Australian Ambassador in America Sir Percy Spender and Lady Spender have sent a card decorated with a picture of the Embassy in Washington to friends here.

From England, Sir Lionel and Lady Kearns' card features a festive pair of geese on their way to a party. And—travelling in the opposite direction—theatre personalities John McCallum and his wife, Google Withers, have posted English friends cards with an Australian flavor.

In Sydney, the cover of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Copeland's card has a picture of their dachshund, Therese, gazing out at the view from a window of their home at Darling Point.



**BRIDE'S AND GROOM'S PARENTS.** Mrs. C. W. Hunt (left) and Mr. Hunt (second from left) with Mrs. Pat Arnott, of "Coolah Creek," Coolah, and Mr. Arnott at the Australia Hotel reception.

**ENGLISH** visitor Alice Doughty, Susan Carnegie, Barbara Potter, Denis White, and Geoff Henderson were among guests at the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Ashton, of "Markdale," Binda, for their daughter Gillian. Gillian wore a pearl-embroidered gown of white tulle to the party, held at her parents' home at Darling Point.

**BACK** home after almost two years overseas, Jan Holdaway was guest of honor at two welcome-home parties last week. Jan has bought lots of souvenirs, including some small liqueur bottles "to decorate our bar," says her mother.

**SKI-ING** holiday in Norway will be one of the highlights of a trip abroad for Susan Hutchinson and Jennifer Mountstephens. They'll arrive in London early in January, and will set off for Norway a fortnight later.

**THEY'RE** engaged . . . Elaine Stead, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Stead, of Harbord, to Maxwell Turner, of Epping.

**AT** present honeymooning in New Zealand, John and Margot Fleming will return to spend a few days in Sydney before going on to their home, "Kelvinside," Aberdeen, early in the New Year. Margot is the daughter of Mrs. J. Sabine, of Roseville, and the late Mr. Sabine.



**WEDDING GUESTS.** Mr. and Mrs. John Street walk up the steps at St. Mark's, Darling Point, for the Donald Arnott-Judy Hunt wedding. Mrs. Street chose a full-length evening gown of white lace.



**MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.** Mrs. Mick Arnott and her six-year-old daughter, Sandra, at St. Mark's, Darling Point, for the marriage of Donald Arnott and Judy Hunt. A lace fichu trimmed Mrs. Arnott's dress of shot silk.



**FROM COUNTRY.** Margaret Moses (left), of "Gunnible," Gunnedah, with Helen Barrikill, of Woollahra, at the dance given by 35 hostesses at the Australia Hotel. Margaret wore aqua delustrated satin and Helen chose crisp lace.



**DANCING** at the party given by 35 hostesses at the Australia Hotel are Robyn Johnson, of Killara, and her brother, Graham Johnson. Robin wore a dress of sunshine-yellow silk taffeta.



# Christmas Gifts by

# Potter & Moore

Gift-packed Ready for Presentation.  
No need to provide extra wrapping  
at additional cost.



## GIFT BOX OF SOAP

Three tablets . . . long-lasting super-creamed Toilet Soap.  
Perfumed Mitcham Lavender. 8/6



## A GIFT-SET OF EXCEPTIONAL VALUE

Toilet Soap, Talcum Powder  
and desirable  
Mitcham Lavender 14/6



## FOR HER . . . GARDENIA!

Gardenia Skin Perfume in elegant bottle,  
with matching superfine  
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## A GIFT FOR HIM

A year's supply of rich-lathering Shaving  
Soap . . . presented in Plastic Bowl,  
complete with gift box, as illustrated 6/11

## ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE MITCHAM LAVENDER

Refreshing . . . Fragrant. 7/3  
Presented as a Christmas Gift  
Other presentations priced from 3/3, 4/9,  
12/6, 29/6.



## "FROZEN FRAGRANCE" POTTER & MOORE'S FAMOUS SOLID PERFUME

Cooling, refreshing, fragrant. Presented  
this Christmas on Golden Greeting Card,  
enhanced with floral decoration. The  
perfume of your choice: Lily of the Valley,  
Gardenia, Oriental Poppy,  
Violet, Jasmine, Frangipanni. 3/3  
Or in large size ever-popular Mitcham  
Lavender and Eau de Cologne 5/6



## HERE'S AN INEXPENSIVE GIFT

Potter & Moore Talcum Powder, delicately  
perfumed Mitcham Lavender . . .  
absorbing, deodorising  
and assures day-long daintiness 2/9



## A GIFT TO BE REMEMBERED BY

A trio of Potter & Moore's Famous  
Mitcham Lavender Toiletries . . .  
Toilet Soap, Talcum Powder  
and Lavender Fragrance 10/6



## HERE'S EXCEPTIONAL VALUE 5/11

Silky-smooth Talcum Powder  
and long-lasting Toilet Soap.



## AN IDEAL GIFT

Charming bottle of Mitcham Lavender  
with silky-smooth Talcum Powder.  
Beautifully presented for gift-giving 11/6



## A LOVELY GIFT FOR A MAN

A year's supply of rich-lathering  
Shaving Soap, with Shaving Bowl  
and a generous bottle of Liquid  
Brilliantine Hair Dressing 11/6



## A NICE COMBINATION

Giant tube quick-lathering Shaving Cream,  
with Brilliantine Hair Dressing,  
for only 6/9



## A GIFT FOR THAT SPECIAL MAN

A complete Shaving Set—De Luxe Bowl of Shaving  
Soap, After-Shave Lotion and Shaving Brush. 23/6  
Boxed with masculine appeal



## AN EXCITING GIFT

The enchanting perfume of Lily of the  
Valley, captured in fine quality Toilet  
Soap and silky-smooth  
Talcum Powder. 11/9



## SOMETHING DIFFERENT

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Exclusive Creation . . .  
Fragrant Bath Jewels,  
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Your choice of perfumes—  
Lilly of the Valley,  
Gardenia, Oriental  
Poppy, Frangipanni.  
Gift packed for 5/11



## APPEALING NOVELTY LAMP

with plastic shade in a Christmas  
gift carton. Filled with Mitcham  
Lavender or Eau de Cologne. 3/6



## Worth their Weight in Gold

Faithful reproduction of historic  
Drake's Ship . . . the Golden  
Hind, presented in illustrated  
carton of the ship's voyage.



Majestic Gold-plated Eagle,  
with outstretched wings.  
Presented for gift-giving.



Old English Gold-Plated  
Lantern, especially suitable as a gift for  
Christmas-tree decoration. In pictorial carton.

The latest Novelty that is entirely different . . . gold plated  
Available with Mitcham Lavender or Eau de Cologne. 5/11

# Potter & Moore

Christmas gifts need no extra wrapping!



# DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● Deliciously feminine in current lingerie collections is the prettily shaped princess-line nightgown, softened with a sash.

THIS fashion information answers a reader's problem below.

Here is her letter and my reply.

"I AM hoping you will give me an idea for a trousseau nightgown. I have bought some pale pink silk for the nightgown, and matching chiffon for the trimming. What style do you advise? I also wondered if you would have a pattern cut for the design you suggest."

A princess-line nightgown

with a sash slotted through for figure flattery (you could use the chiffon) are the features I chose for the nightgown sketched at right. The choice of pattern size ranges from 32 to 38in. bust. I hope you will like my design sufficiently well to order a pattern. See lines alongside the sketch for further details and how to order.

"ARE there any kind of sensible daytime dresses that do not look too dowdy for a woman in her thirties who does not follow fashions slavishly?"

Yes. There are numbers of

basically simple daytime dresses designed on slim lines with a shirt-waist look. The latter may be a fly front or a step-in with a button-through finish. In this fashion category, pockets, color accents, and fancy buttons are typical detailing.

"I HAVE some grey nylon net I would like to combine with a narrow lace edging to make a formal ballerina to wear dancing. I have a small waist, and like to wear a sash or belt. I do not like the long-torso line."

A short evening dress of grey nylon net could be made with a strapless bodice and tiered skirt trimmed with narrow lace edging. Finish the waist with black velvet ribbon with streamer ends and a clump of pale pink roses.

"WOULD you give me some new colors to choose from for a summer dress?"

Brown - plaid, shrimp, orange, cinnamon, and butter tones are all new on the color calendar. Don't overlook the drama of blazing white or the cool, melting look of faintest pink or sky-blue.

"MY problem is a suitable underslip to wear with a long-torso frock with fullness from the hipline. The slip I have seems to be full in the wrong places, and spoils the hang of my frock."

A long-torso dress needs a slip with a long-torso top fitting smoothly to the hipline.

From the hipline the skirt of the slip can have released fullness. A slip of this type will eliminate any wrinkles or bunchiness and will give your dress a smooth, sleek bodyline.

"I AM going to an afternoon wedding at which I have decided to wear navy taffeta. I would be grateful for any ideas you could give me about a style, and also the color and type of hat. I am tall with quite a good figure, and like smart, sophisticated designs."

As you are tall with a good figure, I don't think you could have anything smarter for your navy taffeta than a long-torso dress, with a skirt that is bouffant below the hips. Have the top made with a bateau neckline finished with a self cuff, and have the bodice sleeveless. Wear the dress with a large-brimmed hat made in raspberry-pink straw.

"PLEASE tell me a new and unusual color combination for slacks and a shirt."

I suggest orange linen for slacks and a paisley cotton printed in orange, black, and white for the shirt.

D.S.175. — Nightgown in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. contrast, and 3yds. 1in. lace edging. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



## Beauty in brief:

## HAIR LIFE AND SHINE

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Every once in a while it's a good idea to give your hair and scalp a proper scouring to bring back its life and shine.

FOR a good home shampoo use pure castile soap shaved thin and dissolved in water until it is of jelly-like consistency.

Most hair-conscious women know by now never to rub a cake of soap directly into the hair.

To cleanse and stimulate the scalp thoroughly, part the hair in sections all over the head, then with a small brush (an old clean toothbrush is suitable) lather the liquid soap or jelly right into the scalp.

Rinse in at least four lots of clear water.

To make sure that all soap is washed off, run a strand of hair through the fingertips to see that it feels smooth and silky.

If any trace of stickiness remains, give the head another rinse or two.



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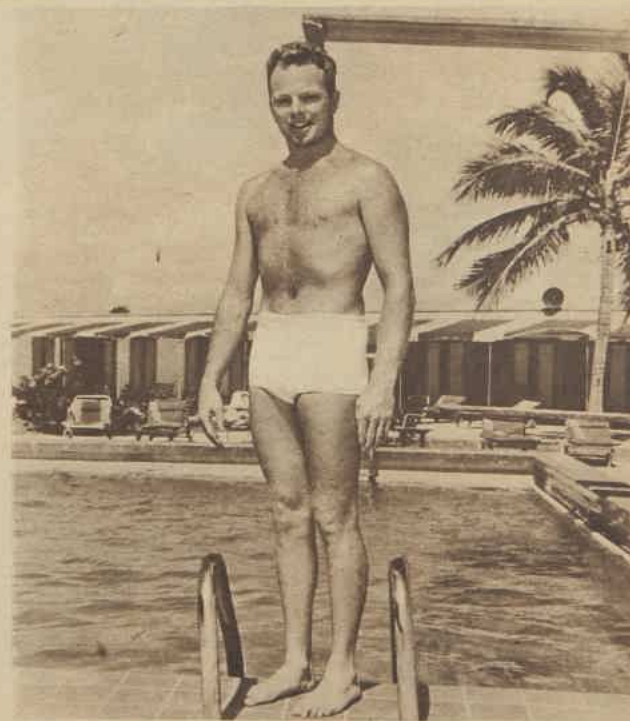
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"Merry"



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from  
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to  
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"Kerry"



"Arlene"



"Joanne"



"Ai Li"



from  
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ONLY KNIGHTS  
COULD GIVE SUCH  
BEAUTIFUL QUALITY  
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"San Toi"



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# Knight



TO SAVE MONEY FOR **SANTAS**

AVAILABLE AT 9 OUT OF 10 STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Make sure you get the genuine  
Knight slipper. Look for the  
name "Knight" on both inside  
and outside soles.



# AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard  
For week beginning Dec. 19

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Lucky gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday and Saturday. Your luck lies in taking the lead.	* Make lists of things you have to do, tick them off as they are attended to, for in a last-minute holiday rush the early bird scoops the pool.	* Most of you will emphasize the spiritual side of Christmas. This applies particularly if you are a parent. Thoughtful teenagers also may be concerned with giving.	* You must think at least two moves ahead of the game. A surprise packet in the shape of a member of the opposite sex could be on your doorstep.	* Any change of scene, even for a few hours, will put new life into your social thinking. Welcoming old friends may open new channels.
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, deep violet. Lucky gambling colors, purple, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. There's a reward for honesty.	* Sitting up late to complete a gift, or taking on an extra load because someone else is out of action, will not bother you. You enjoy your own efficiency.	* A piece of financial good fortune to a member of the family might cast shining rays over the household. Quite a few of you will be invited to act as host or hostess.	* That so-important present may weigh heavily on you. Not too ordinary, not too elaborate, yet conveying your sentiments and in perfect taste. It might be a ring.	* No matter how busy you may be you will take time off to visit a number of elderly people or bring gifts of a practical kind to those you see but rarely.
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Lucky gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck lies in giving generously.	* In consultation with friends or members of the family you embark happily on an unusual enterprise. This may be so engrossing that it becomes more play than work.	* Young marrieds having their first Christmas together are under the happiest influences. If there are visitors, most of you will be delighted to act as host or hostess.	* You may throw your arms with joy around the neck of your best beloved, who has correctly guessed the wish of your heart. For others an absent mate returns.	* Social demands will be heavy. A number of evening parties which include the opposite sex should be highly successful, but take time from plans made.
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, silver. Lucky gambling colors, green, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck comes through your efforts.	* Announcement of a promotion to greater responsibilities or an extraordinary offer could make this week memorable in your career. You will work behind the scenes.	* Whether you are cooking the important items of that Christmas menu or whether you are merely helping with the washing up, the kitchen will be headquarters.	* The new little heartbeat or the thrilling new escort may come good with an invitation which is the first mark of a deeper-than-social interest. Arrange that first date.	* All work and no play dulls the quickest wit. You may walk out on what you should be doing in favor of an impromptu party at which all the guests help.
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Lucky gambling colors, brown, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck lies in love and money.	* Giving pleasure to others may be your principal occupation just now. If you find it hard to keep your mind on your ordinary tasks, nobody will blame you.	* Your version of the labor-saving idea may be a picnic. Preparations for it are likely to be of heroic proportions. Otherwise, friends of teenagers are added to the family.	* It takes but a spark to kindle love and that spark may ignite a fire which burns for a lifetime. Many a subject of Leo will meet his, or her, life partner this week.	* A wonderful week for children excitedly attending all kinds of functions. Teenagers plan outdoor and evening entertainments. Older folk receive invitations.
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22	* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Lucky gambling colors, navy, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Your luck lies near at hand.	* Last-minute holiday preparations may keep you busy in the house from early morning. Many of the practical details will be left to your judgment.	* Prettying up your home, putting on its best bib-and-tucker for Christmas days can give you many a thrill and bring out new attractions you had not realized.	* If a girl, invite the king of your heart to your home. This is an honor he will appreciate and may give him the idea for a home of his own with you.	* There simply may not be time until after Christmas for some of the occasions you have in mind. You are inclined to postpone social arrangements until the New Year.
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22	* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, orange. Lucky gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Your luck lies in observation.	* You'll be mixed up with crowds, parcels, transport difficulties, spend precious time hunting a parking place, cut short conversations in the middle.	* Many of you will be asked out, others buzz off for the weekend if it can be managed; in many cases vacation plans and preparations require much time.	* Paired off with an attractive personality in a day-long or weekend expedition with your crowd, your friendship may ripen rapidly.	* A feature of your social activity at present may mean meeting a number of comparative strangers. Listen and gain new angles on many subjects.
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 22	* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Lucky gambling colors, red, purple. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Your luck lies in a clever bargain.	* Although you are likely to spend less time than usual in connection with holiday purchases, there are sure to be objects which require careful choosing.	* There could be a bit of self-indulgence in your holiday attitude. Some luxury for which you long may be yours, and you feel it was worth every penny.	* An odd adventure opens the gates to an unconventional romance. Don't become so intrigued by the unknown and mysterious as to lose your sense of proportion.	* Hailing old times, old friends, you could, in imagination, revert to an earlier chapter in your life. Reunions play a big part and might lead to a journey to old scenes.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22	* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Lucky gambling colors, mauve, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in personal relationships.	* Should there be a staff celebration where you work, you'll be one of the prime movers. Otherwise you may be delegated to show important visitors around.	* Endless effort and goodwill are sure to be appreciated and you might feel a trifle more expansive and extravagant. You are the pivot on which all else hinges.	* Somebody must take the first step and this time it's up to you. If you drift along, another will sweep in and carry off the prize. Plan an outing.	* Have your final social fling now, then ease off and relax. You'll carry through brilliantly any project of which you are in charge, but beware of too much rich food.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19	* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Lucky gambling colors, brown, white. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck lies in a growing ambition.	* Providing money so that others can enjoy themselves is likely to give you a warm glow. If a voluntary worker, you are certain to be busy organizing Christmas cheer.	* Should it happen that you are alone, far from family and friends, an unexpected invitation could cheer you. If there has been illness, improvement follows.	* You'd rather be a twosome but there are such a lot of folks around during the holidays. You may get the chance to go home together from a party.	* Your popularity and the regard in which you are held may touch you deeply. You have more friends than you suspected and they are prepared to show their sincerity.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 18	* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, red. Lucky gambling colors, red, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday and Thursday. Luck in making others happy.	* Very little work gets done, but who cares? You'll muddle through somehow and you are in the thick of things, people, events. A boost from a friend could help you.	* Your home will need to be elastic if it is to hold all the folks coming to your door. Hospitality may be simple and casual, but non-stop. You'll love it.	* The dawn of a love affair should be an exceptionally happy period in which you are most anxious to please each other. Love causes a girl to blossom like a flower.	* Young and old join in the fun. You'll be the first to arrive and the last to go home. You can be immensely useful by easing tough situations, acting as a buffer.
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 19 - MARCH 20	* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Lucky gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Tuesday and Sunday. Be on good terms with yourself.	* When business and social affairs are all mixed up together you will combine work and play with a will. In both, your original ideas may find new scope.	* The varying tastes of different generations in the household could lead to their scattering in every direction. Should the family split up, it shows no lack of love.	* If the big shot grows a bit too affectionate at a party, put it down to Christmas cheer and forget it. If the nice young man invites you to meet his family, accept.	* Your social department really goes to town. Even if you're made of iron you'll be a trifle glad when it's all over. The thought of quiet, leisurely days ahead sustains you.

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HEALTHY,  
HAPPY BABIES

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exclusive **Prestige** Pure Nylon lingerie

Exquisitely detailed—these beautiful undies—  
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band of glorious trimming forms the hem on this  
"Summerlon" Pure Nylon Slip. Choose from white  
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The deodorant soap that stops odour before it starts...

# Now the nicest people use Lifebuoy



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THE WONDER DEODORANT THAT STOPS ODOUR  
BEFORE IT STARTS**



Tests have shown that Lifebuoy, with Puralin, gives more protection than any other soap, no matter what it costs.

Even if you wash and wash with ordinary soaps you cannot effectively remove the skin bacteria that cause perspiration odour (we call it B.O. for short). But laboratory tests prove that Puralin in Lifebuoy removes from the skin up to 95% of odour-causing bacteria. That's why Lifebuoy stops perspiration odour before it starts... leaves you feeling so gloriously clean, so refreshed from top to toe. You'll love its perfume and its protection—through even the hottest days. Buy this new Lifebuoy in the big Bath Size so the whole family can enjoy it.

**SMELL IT!**

**ENJOY IT!**

**BE POPULAR!**



of "Choc-lets, choc-lets!" When the lights had gone down again he had scarcely looked at the screen at all. Instead he had gazed at her ungloved hand riding like a dove on the almost invisible wave of her dress, and the chances were that he might have taken it in his own hand he not known that only each held the hands of girls to whom they were not rich enough to propose marriage.

Afterwards he saw her back to her home on foot, partly because paying for the tramcar fare would have made him bankrupt, partly because he liked being with her in the moonlight. He was silent most of the way and became even more silent as they entered the quiet, effortless residential district in which she lived. It looked so easy to be rich that he was almost convinced that his own parents had committed a crime by wilfully electing to be poor.

When she stood at her gate to say good night to him the size of her house, into which she said it was too late to invite him, deterred a recurring desire to make unseemly advances. In any case, she was the first girl he had ever taken out in his life and he did not yet know the right way of saying the wrong things, but he was so abashed with her closeness to him in the night that he almost did not hear her when she held out her woolly-gloved hand to him and said the right ones.

"Good night, Mr. McGregor. Thank you so much for your kindness. I've enjoyed myself immensely."

"Don't mention it, Miss Farquhar. The pleasure has been mine, I assure you."

"It's been ripping, Mr. MacGregor. And the film was topping."

There were all sorts of things he wanted to say to her, and her uninhibited use of slang encouraged him to feel bold, but for none of his longings could he find the words; and for a little they stood looking at each other in a lovely tenantless world full of night until as she turned to leave him his sense of coming loss loosened his tongue.

"Miss Farquhar, please don't go," he begged. "Please. I've got something very important to say to you."

She stood close to him in the soft milky light of the moon, with the pale wafer of her face

## Continuing . . . .

floating above the darkness of her coat.

"Yes, Mr. MacGregor. I am listening."

"It's just this, Miss Farquhar." He wanted to touch the buttons of her coat and tell her that he loved her, but the words died up in his throat and all that he could think up to cover his distress was: "It's about Flaubert, Miss Farquhar."

"Flaubert, Mr. MacGregor."

"Yes. You see, I've been having second thoughts about what I said to you the other day. The relative clause isn't everything after all. There's such a thing as the main sentence, you know. And Samuel Butler said that style was the shortest distance between two full stops. And that doesn't leave much room for relative clauses, does it? And Flaubert was a stylist, wasn't he?"

She stood lingering with him for a little after that, but when he could find no more to say about Flaubert and Samuel Butler she went in. MacGregor waited until he saw what he guessed to be the rectangle of her bedroom window light up and he watched until it turned to icy blackness again. Then he went home, thinking of her as she lay in the beginning of sleep, and of how her hair looked on the pillow.

He was very much in love and each day as he sat behind her in the French class and smelled the sweetness of her laundered linen blouse he tried to find phrases in which he might declare himself. "Miss Farquhar," he hoped to be able to say, "perhaps you will think me both foolish and presumptuous, but I should be very honored if you would consent to be my wife." Or, less bluntly: "Miss Farquhar, I have a matter of great delicacy to impart to you and am wondering if we might arrange to walk together in the meadows." But now it was always daylight when he saw her, and he could muster courage for neither of these temerities.

He did not invite her to see a film again for two reasons: firstly, because he was afraid that this time the temptation would be too much for him and he would assault her and hold her hand in the dark; secondly, because he was saving up his meagre pocket money to buy her a Christmas present.

## With All His Love

from page 9

By the morning of December 24 he had managed to save five shillings. With it he bought a new copy of Trollope's "The Warden" from the same bookseller who had swindled him. As he carried the book home he had an inspiration: he would make his present plead his cause for him. And in the afternoon silence of his bedroom he wrote carefully on the flyleaf:

To Hazel  
from Dougie  
With All the Love in his Heart,  
Christmas 1920.

Even to write her Christian name so close to his own thrilled him. Then, intending to deliver his present personally so as to be sure of its timely arrival, he made his way to her home.

It was that strangest of accidents, even for Edinburgh and Scotland—a white Christmas. His feet made no noise as he walked up the wide, wealthy avenues blanketed with snow. The sky was like dark blue grass. The snow was like

the door and insist on opening the present in front of him.

Such a possibility terrified him into further reflection. Perhaps his inscription was impertinent. Perhaps he had been ill-bred. Perhaps the frankness with which he had expressed himself was the sort of thing which wasn't done in high society. Perhaps it would have been more delicate to let the present speak for itself.

A young man so insecure as himself could afford to take no risk. He walked a little way back along the street and removed the wrapping from the book. Carefully, leaving a little margin as possible, he cut out the flyleaf with a pen-knife and stuffed it into his pocket. Then, under the guttering light of a fitfully incandescent street lamp, he wrote a new and less combustible inscription on the title page:

To Miss H. Farquhar  
From Mr. D. MacGregor  
Respectfully wishing her a  
Happy Christmas 1920

The bell when it rang seemed to make a shocking clang, and when at length the door in the wall opened he



waddling. Through this sweet drugstore world of medicine bottles and cotton-wool he walked with a shining golden love in his heart.

For the first time in his life he thought he understood what Christmas really meant, and he prayed wordlessly that its charity might endure through all the days that were yet to be numbered in the world.

The blinds in most of the houses he passed were undrawn. Through the lighted windows he could see pretty girls in colored frocks dancing in the arms of sleek, insolent young men. The sight of their ease which he both hated and envied lessened his confidence.

Outside Hazel's gate he heard music which he was able to identify as "Sweet Hortense" and he abandoned his original intention of handing the book in; instead he would slide the book into the letter-box, ring the bell, and walk away quickly.

When he found that the slit in the letter-box was too narrow for the book to be inserted in it his first impulse was to turn back and go home. Then he decided that such a retreat would be cowardly and would only postpone the problem of delivery until next day, as the last Christmas Eve mail had already been collected and a Christmas present delivered after Christmas would lose its significance. He would stick to his first plan after all; he would hand the book in to the maid and then run.

But as he stood there trying to pluck up courage to ring the bell the fear came to him that it might not be the maid who answered the bell. The maid might be seeing about replenishing the claret cup or whatever it was that they served at those classy dances. Hazel herself might come to

almost turned tail and ran. What had been happening in the other houses was also happening here: through the uncurtained windows he saw smooth young girls dancing in the arms of glossy young men all wearing dinner jackets.

But it was too late for flight: a man was already standing waiting in the open inner doorway of the house. He seemed to have big blobs of light shining out of him. As he approached timorously up the gravel path MacGregor realised with dismay that he was a butler and that the blobs of light were brass buttons on the front of his jacket.

"And what can I do for you?" the butler asked.

"Please, it's a present for Miss Farquhar," MacGregor stammered, holding out the book.

"For Miss Rhoda, Penelope, Eileen, or Hazel Farquhar?" Hazel had spoken to him of her sisters, but he had never heard their names before, and the grand sound of them made him feel more nervous still.

"For Miss Hazel Farquhar," he said.

"In that case it would perhaps be as well to prevent mistakes by writing the name on the outside of the parcel."

While MacGregor was awkwardly doing so the ecclesiastical looking inner glass door behind the butler opened and Hazel herself came out into the vestibule. She was wearing a shimmering white dress. "Oh, there you are, Burt," she said. "I've been looking for you everywhere. The fruit salad's just given out." Then she caught sight of MacGregor. "Oh, Mr. MacGregor, how nice and unexpected of you! Do come in."

But even when the butler had gone away MacGregor stood awkwardly fingering his parcel.

"I just brought you a present. He thrust the book at her with a jerk."

"But how ripping of you. And how exciting." It was astounding. MacGregor reflected as he listened to her, how erudite the right sort of accent could make even the simplest statement sound. "Come in and we'll open it together."

"Really, Miss Farquhar, really I can't," he said, terribly conscious of his failure to say "raily" like all the nobles. "You see, I'm not dressed. Of course, if I had known that you were giving a party."

He did not finish the sentence so as to avoid a full lie: even if he had known that she was giving a party and even if she had invited him he could not have dressed for the simple reason that he did not possess a dinner jacket.

"Of course, if you're going to be silly." Then suddenly she was smiling at him so sweetly that he was no longer afraid of her in her pretty dress, and began to wish that he had left his original message in the book. "Perhaps we could open it together in the summerhouse. Just wait a minute while I fetch my coat."

Her coat, when she came back in it, turned out to be of musquash, and although he lacked the experience to be able to identify the fur, its palpable richness made him nervous all over again. But the smell of it delighted him as he walked across the snow-covered garden with her, but he took care not to walk too close to her in case she should take him for a philandering blackguard.

It was cold in the summerhouse so she made him close the door. They sat together in the darkness. He lighted a match for her while she opened the parcel.

"Trollope!" she said. "But how simply spiffing! And how very, very kind of you, Mr. MacGregor!" When the match went out it was a little time before he could see her face again above her coat and the steep mitigated whiteness of her dress.

"I don't know that Trollope is a very good example of a stylist," he said. "He addresses the reader directly, you know, and that is not considered very good technique."

"Mr. MacGregor, must you always talk about literature?" He felt her sit more closely to him, with her frock nearer him and her coat open, and her eyes looked very bright in the little circle of her face.

"Not necessarily, Miss Farquhar."

"And must you always call me 'Miss Farquhar'? I'm not trying to vamp you, you know, but do you think the world would come to an end if you called me 'Hazel'?"

"I suppose not, Miss Farquhar, I mean, Hazel."

They both laughed, and somehow his hand touched hers and lay with it on her frock. "I'm sorry, Miss Farquhar, Hazel. I ought not to do that."

"I don't mind your doing that. Indeed, I rather like it." To his pleasure her fingers twined round his and passed softly over the back of his hand. "I like the manly way your veins stand out," she said.

"They stand out even more in summer." He looked at her, gave a groan and began to kiss her ineptly, missing her mouth and hitting her nose; and then when he at last kissed her mouth, moving on in tender terror to her hair, he expected her to protest, but all she said was: "Clumsy, you're crushing my dress."

"I'm a cad," he murmured. "Kissing a decent girl like you."

like to be kissed.

He dropped to his knees in what he had been taught to believe was the traditional position, but, so that he should not appear too ridiculous, he hid his head in her lap.

"Miss Farquhar, Hazel, will you marry me? I've no money and I know I talk with a bit of a keely accent, but I love you such an awful lot."

"Don't say silly things about yourself. I might think about it. In fact, I might think a great deal about it."

"And in the meantime?"

"In the meantime you'll be my best boy and I'll be your best girl. And we'll tell our grandchildren that it was on Christmas Eve we first kissed each other."

Once again she was in his arms, this time restfully. His hands learned her face in the darkness and made quick little trembling journeys over the rich stuff of her frock. He kissed her with her hair held away from her face and with her hair held tight round it. Aching with love, he stroked her cheeks and made her close her eyes and lie with her head back so that she looked like a sleeping saint.

"Swear to me that you'll love me just as much when we're both old," she whispered.

Eloquently he swore to her that he would cherish her withered grey hair as much as her shining dark hair. She lay a little longer in his arms, holding the unwrapped book in her lap. Then suddenly she sat upright in cold anger, and it was as if he had never touched her with his love at all.

"I don't believe a word you say," she threw at him. "I'd never believe a mean man like you. I suppose you thought that I wouldn't notice that the flyleaf had been torn out of the book. It's no use your denying it. I can feel the clipped edge with my finger. You got it as a present from somebody else and because you didn't like it you thought you'd fob it off on me." And before he could answer she was gone from him, running back across the snow towards the lighted house, and he was alone in the darkness with the rejected Trollope and the lingering incense of her coat and of her hair.

He had been too hurt to attempt to see her again and explain, and next term he had not returned to the University, but had gone south to seek his fortune in London.

Tramping again on thick pads of snow MacGregor found that the silent broad avenues had not changed in all the years of hard history which had hurt the world since he had last walked along them with hope and fear in his heart. The houses in the quiet residential area were still the homes of wealthy people. Behind the lighted windows the same young men and women seemed to be dancing, arrogant and cheerful in the smooth-cheeked security of their invisibly dwindling youth.

The high wall outside Hazel's old house hadn't changed either. Nor had the slit in the letter-box been widened; but the flyleaf fitted in easily. MacGregor walked away quickly without ringing the bell. He had deliberately refrained from looking in the telephone directory to see whether she still lived there.

Tonight he did not dare to learn whether she was married, widowed, an old maid, living in Scotland or out of it. On this Christmas Eve he wanted to be able to believe that in a world of wars and dissimulations and R. Spendlebury-Trotters he had, at long last, sent a message of love which would be understood.

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## Continuing . . . .

## Manhattan Serenade

from page 3.

hummed, "O Sole Mio," and shouted, "Got any mustard?"

She didn't answer. At last he reappeared with a paper plateful of scorched frankfurters in rolls oozing butter, another plateful of potato chips topped with dill pickles. In one shirt pocket were paper napkins, in the other was silver, in his pants pockets were coke bottles. He set everything on the floor and said, "There! . . . There! . . . Oh, I forgot the ants!"

She glared. "You—you plutocratic playboy!"

He handed her a frankfurter. "You could cook better," he said.

"I could cook lots better!" she said. "But not for you."

"Why won't you marry me, Lisa?"

"You?" She laughed scornfully. "The man I marry is going to be a little like you, but he'll be from Massillon, and—"

"How about Kokomo?"

"Or Kokomo. And he'll have a job, a good, steady job. He'll earn his money. And like the simple life."



**NESTLÉ'S** help you say

# Happy Christmas

*in the sweetest way*



**NESTLÉ'S**  
CHOCOLATES  
OF FINE QUALITY

What sweeter way to say "Happy Christmas" than to make your gift a box or a tin of Nestlé's fine quality Chocolates! And there's such a wide and attractive range from which to choose.

Of particular interest are the brilliantly designed tins of Nestlé's Chocolates . . . tins that will be used with pleasure for years after the chocolates themselves have become a pleasant memory. These chocolates — all individually wrapped in silver foil — are of Nestlé's traditionally fine quality.



and fairly soon, she had better face the fact that she was living a childish fantasy.

So she set out on an earnest and grim quest for the dollar. She fanatically studied all the theatrical trade papers, and listened hungrily to every scrap of gossip at the drugstore about new plays. Again she trudged to the producers' offices to try out for any part that seemed in any way suited to her. Again she could never get past the contemptuous office boys and telephone girls. Her amateurishness seemed written on her forehead, a mark of Cain.

The same thing happened when she decided to try for radio jobs. The advertising agencies, unimpressed by her condescension, turned her away at the outer railings of their offices. So did the networks.

It became clear after a couple of months that she could get all the theatrical work she wanted — of a certain kind. There were radio groups and experimental theatre groups, university groups and temple groups, charity groups and educational groups; an almost infinite number of groups, diverse as they could be in origin, and similar in two characteristics: a willingness to use actresses, and an unwillingness to pay them.

At any place where money was to be made by an actress, Marjorie was shut out as though she were black.

Only the fact that this had been the experience of all the kids in the drugstore consoled her. Some of the girls were beautiful, and in her opinion strikingly talented. Evidently this preliminary discouragement was part of the game. The kids had a folklore of reassuring stories.

Marjorie finally decided to ease her conscience by trying any kind of paying work, but she didn't even make a success of selling underwear in a departmental store.

Morris Shapiro said to her, strolling home from a movie, "The point is you don't need the money."

"I need money," Marjorie said. "Badly."

"Not as badly as somebody does who has her stomach to fill," Morris said. "Margie, how good a stenographer are you?"

"Fair typist. My shorthand never was much."

"How would you like a job at a hospital? There's a vacancy in the admitting office at my hospital. I'm pretty sure they'd take you on—you're presentable, that's important."

Marjorie glanced at Shapiro, walking beside her in a baggy tweed suit, hatless, in the parti-colored neon light of the Broadway sidewalk. This pale, plump, middle-sized doctor was certainly no Noel for looks or conversation. But he had his own charm. He was masculine, self-confident, and kind. Had Noel not anticipated Morris with such prophetic caricature, things might well be different now between them, she thought. How could the fiend have foreseen a doctor named Shapiro with a moustache?

"It would be very odd, working at the same place with you. You'll probably get all disillusioned with me in a week."

"I won't be disillusioned if your work's no good. You'll get fired, that's all."

She walked beside him in silence for a while. "All right, I'm willing to try," she said.

The hospital job turned out to be perfect for her. It ran from eight in the morning to two in the afternoon and there was nothing to it but typing, keeping files, and now and then relieving the switchboard operator. The pay was only ten dollars a week, but her afternoons were free for haunting the drugstore, which seemed a decisive advantage.

## Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 5

In point of fact, however, her passion for the drugstore somewhat declined as her interest in Morris Shapiro increased. In his white rumpled coat, with his stubby hands scrubbed bright pink, and the smell of tobacco smoke and medicine about him, he was an authentic doctor, not a mere date; and he had new charm. Often when her work was through she would have lunch with him; they would sit drinking coffee and talking, and the latest theatre gossip would seem a less urgent matter, safely to be left to tomorrow.

He was a Research Fellow. In the hospital, where long, hard work was a matter of course, Morris Shapiro was regarded as an almost maniacal worker. She became curious about his work. But she had to badger him for a long time before he would believe that she really wanted to know about it. Once he started talking he talked copiously, half-forgetting her, his face alive and his eyes bright. He was doing original work in clinic cases, had had some striking successes, and hoped eventually to write a monograph that would modify certain surgical practices.

Marjorie stared at the tired, puffy-faced, slouching young man in the creased white coat, forgetting that he was almost bald and hardly taller than herself. "I had no idea that you were doing anything as important as that."

The greatest enemy of the slowly, shyly burgeoning romance was her mother. Mrs. Morgenstern could not contain her enthusiasm for Dr. Shapiro. She kept extolling Morris and pointing out how superior he was to unreliable nervous types, such as, for instance, song-writers. Morris' father was a textile manufacturer and a trustee of the temple; he attended services every Saturday in a frock coat and a high hat.

Marjorie's mother and Mrs. Shapiro were old acquaintances. Mrs. Morgenstern let slip at one point that the girl's meeting with the young doctor at the Zionist lecture had been far from accidental; the fruit of a plot, indeed, contrived by the two mothers for over a year. Morris had been dragged to the lecture as Marjorie had been dragged. His mother had pointed the girl out, and the young doctor's disgruntled scepticism had changed at once to hot attention.

Mrs. Morgenstern thought this was a good joke, perfectly safe to divulge, after Marjorie had been at the hospital a month or so. She had no idea what a horrible yellow blight it threw over the doctor in Marjorie's eyes. Suddenly Morris seemed to her once more the comic caricature husband predicted by Noel. She hated his pudginess and his moustache, his scanty hair and plodding good nature, and the unlucky name Shapiro.

It took her a week or so to get over it. But she finally decided that she was twenty-one, after all, and that it was time to stop being influenced by her mother's likes and dislikes. It was as childish to reject a man because her mother was trying to push him down her throat, as it would be to accept him. She began to be pleasant to him again. There were evenings during the month that followed when she almost believed that she had come to the happy end of the long rough road; there were times when she sat at her desk in the admitting office, idly scribbling on a pad, Mrs. Morris Shapiro.

Noel seemed to spring up out of the pavement. This time it was Noel, all right. She had seen him coming at her

in crowds a thousand times in the past months, but he had always melted into a tall stranger as he came close. This was Noel. He stood on the corner opposite her, waiting for the green light, looking back and forth at the traffic. His hands were thrust in the pocket of a camel's hair topcoat; his blond hair stirred in the wind. The lift of his long jaw, the imperious turn of his shoulders, were unmistakable. He was very brown.

The light changed. He came striding towards her. His unconcerned eyes fell on her, and the abstracted look blazed into recognition and excitement. He seemed to lunge. The long arm swept around her waist and he pulled her up on the sidewalk. "Don't get killed, please, in the middle of Lexington Avenue. You're still precious to me."

"I'm trying to get a cab. I've just come from the hair-dresser. My hair's damp," Marjorie said idiotically. "Right now you're going to get a drink. With me."



"Herbert always said that if we had nothing else we'd have a fireplace."

"Noel, it's impossible, I swear it is. I haven't got a minute to spare, not a second. Help me get a cab, if you want to make yourself useful."

He looked around and waved an arm, and there was a cab. He bundled her in and dropped beside her. "Waldorf, driver."

"If you're going to the Waldorf that's perfectly all right, Noel. I'm taking this cab on from there, straight home."

"Of course." Noel sat back comfortably. His eyes shone at her, brilliant and seeming more blue than ever in his tanned face.

"Ye gods, it's no illusion, it never has been. All you are is the most beautiful living thing. How are you?"

"The old palaver," she said, wishing that she didn't sound so shaken and hoarse. "Obviously the Masked Marvel hasn't changed. I'm fine, thank you."

"Why are you in such a hurry? Won't you have one drink with me—five minutes? I have a lot to celebrate, if you haven't, and—"

"I can't, Noel. I'm terribly late as it is."

"It's only a quarter past five. I'll admit I'm an evil wretch, and all that, but—"

"Noel, I have an appointment at six, and I have to go home and change, it's that simple. Tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow I'll be in Hollywood. Or piled up in the Rockies, if my luck runs out."

"You're — what? Hollywood?"

"My plane leaves at nine tonight. I have to go back to the hotel and pack and clear up some business. I don't have any more time than you."

"Are you staying at the Waldorf?" He nodded. "Dear me, Noel. Hollywood, Waldorf-Astoria . . . Riding high, aren't you?"

"On the foaming crest, kid. Healthy, relaxed, loaded with money, happy as a lark. And how are you, really? Take off those gloves. I'd like to see your pretty hands."

"You crazy fool, I'll do nothing of the kind. We're almost at the Waldorf, and—what are you going to do in Hollywood?"

"Take off your gloves and I'll tell you."

She stripped off her gloves in two hasty gestures. "I've never known such an imbecile and I never will. There." She made her fingers into claws. "Pretty enough?"

"Excellent."

"What?"

"No rings. I take it Dr. Shapiro isn't making good time."

"He certainly isn't," she said, and was instantly angry at herself. She covered as best she could with a mysterious subtle smile.

"Is he your date tonight?"

"Here's the Waldorf. Good-

bye, Noel. Have fun in Hollywood."

"You'd kick me out of your cab and just ride off, would you?"

The cab stopped. She said, "That's exactly right, dear. Bye."

"I'll ride home with you."

"Oh, no! Nothing doing."

"Margie, I may never see you again. You'll marry Dr. Shapiro and it'll be impossible. I'd rather look at you for five minutes than spend a lifetime in Hollywood. Please. One drink. I'll put my watch on the table. When the five minutes are up I'll vanish."

"You devil, you don't care a snap whether you lay eyes on me again or not. You've been staying at the Waldorf for weeks probably, and I haven't heard a peep from you."

"I got in from Mexico day before yesterday, Margie. I knew you didn't particularly want to hear from me. However, you're right about the whole thing, as usual." His face gloomed over. He got out of the cab. "I'm being a groveling ass. Goodbye."

She was out of the cab before she quite realised it, saying, "You're not going to put me in the wrong like this? Five minutes is absolutely all. It's too much."

The cocktail hour was at full blast. It took more than five minutes to get a waiter, and more than five additional minutes for the drinks to come. Marjorie watched the creeping clock hands over the bar as she chatted with Noel. At a quarter to six she abandoned the idea of changing her clothes; she would take a cab straight to the hospital. She

had undertaken to carve the turkey and help prepare the buffet for the doctors' Thanksgiving party.

Morris was going to act as bar-tender. It wouldn't matter, she thought, wearing her street clothes to the party; most of the nurses would be dressed that way. The decision made her feel less harried.

Noel said he was going to Hollywood to write the score for a second-rate movie, with his old collaborator, Ferdie Platt. "Ferdie's fallen on sad days working for a quickie outfit like Panther Pictures. Too much golf, booze, and girls, I guess. I wrote him a postcard from Mexico and his long air-mail special delivery letter came back. Obviously he's using the temporary notoriety of 'Moon Face' as a handle. I don't care. I'll have a chance to see the lay of the land. Two hundred fifty a week is a come-down for Ferdie. For me it's not a bad start."

The cocktails came. She picked up her shallow brimming glass, and a little champagne spilled coldly over her fingers. "I wish you every success, Noel. I always will."

"Marjorie, it's very pleasant seeing you, honestly it is."

"Well, it's nice to see you in such good spirits, Noel. Last time I saw you, you looked like the devil. I really thought you might be heading for a nervous breakdown."

"And so you decided to help a man in distress, by knocking his teeth down his throat?"

He said it with good humor, but her nerves stung. She drained the glass and picked up her purse. "Well, let's let sleeping dogs lie, shall we? This has been fun, and I guess—"

"Margie, look at the time. You're hopelessly late for a six o'clock date. Make a phone call and have a cigarette and one more drink with me."

"Oh no, you fiend, none of that. You swore, five minutes and you'd vanish, remember? Don't add perjury to your crimes."

"I'll keep my promise, but I think you're making a mistake. You've been haunting me, and if I haven't been haunting you I'd be surprised. Melodramatic break-offs are no good, Margie. They hang on and on in the mind—"

Marjorie said, "What on earth do you want? You're leaving in a couple of hours, and I have a date—"

"Postpone it for an hour or so and have dinner with me."

"I'm very sorry, it's a dinner date—"

The waiter brought change. Noel helped her into her coat, saying cheerfully, "Well, okay. This glimpse of you has been something, anyway."

Walking out, Marjorie saw that the bar clock stood at almost twenty-five past six. It was too late now to help with the buffet. A cab straight to the hospital wouldn't get her there much before seven. There were plenty of other girls to attend to the food; no great harm had been done. But there was no longer any real need to rush. Morris was tending bar until nine. She couldn't eat with him before then; and eating and drinking by herself in a mill of gay internes and nurses was not an inviting prospect.

Morris would probably be so busy, serving out liquor to that hard-drinking crowd, that he would hardly notice her if she did come before nine. Granted that she would have to apologise for not helping with the food, did it much matter if she dined first with Noel? He could not possibly keep her longer than another hour, since his plane was leaving at nine.

She stopped at a telephone booth in the lobby and called the hospital. The switchboard took a long time to answer. The operator was a new girl, irritable and clumsy. Mar-

jorie very explicitly gave her this message for Dr. Shapiro: "Sorry I'm late. I'll be there about eight-thirty or nine and I'll explain then." There were continual loud buzzes in the background, and voices breaking in on the line.

The operator said nervously that she would deliver the message as soon as she could get the switchboard clear.

Noel, lounging against the wall with his coat over his arm, said, "Well? Is he in a flaming rage?"

"Just your dumb luck, if you call this lucky," Marjorie said. "If you really want to feed me, you can do it. Provided you're quick about it."

His eyes narrowed. "And you were in such an all-fired hurry — Margie, the date wouldn't have been a fiction to get away from Jack the Ripper, would it? And this phone call a dainty covering gesture?"

"Noel, you'd just as soon lie as breathe, but everyone isn't like you. I was supposed to help prepare the food for a buffet supper. You fixed that, all right. Now it doesn't matter if—" she broke off because he was laughing.

"Margie, turn off the lovely frown, or I'll fall in love again. I never knew one like you for rising to the bait."

"Oh, shut up. I think I'll go home."

"Not a chance. I'd throw myself under the wheels of your cab. Come along."

Despite herself, she was enjoying herself, being at the lush Waldorf with a man who was actually registered there.

They had martinis, and Noel ordered the dinner. For a while they sat without talking, in a far dim corner of the spacious dining-room, watching well-dressed couples dancing to the sedate Waldorf music. "Tell me something," Noel said. "Is the date this evening with Dr. Shapiro?" She paused so long that he turned and looked at her, nodding. "I see. He isn't a myth, then. I half thought he might be. An obscure joke, or a feminine needle, or whatever."

"Morris is no myth."

"Do you mind telling me about him? I grant you it's none of my business."

Marjorie hesitated. But now, somehow, she felt more settled. Noel seemed less menacing and his charm dimmer; their bygone romance was trivial rather than tragic. She gave him a matter-of-fact account of Morris Shapiro.

Noel said, staring at his martini, twisting the stem in his long brown fingers. "Sounds like quite a fellow. Makes me seem a bit lightweight, no doubt, a bit lacking in specific gravity."

"Well, you're as different as day and night. I'll say that."

"You sound as though you could fall in love with him, but haven't yet."

"You're getting slightly personal."

"What's the difference? How long will any of us live? It's amazing, Margie, how unimportant all our hot little manoeuvres are."

The waiter served duck and wild rice, and a red wine. She looked at her watch again. "What's happened to the time? It's after eight. You can't eat. Your plane's at nine and you still haven't packed. You have to run this minute."

He grinned. "Well, time to confess, no doubt. My plane leaves at midnight."

After the moment of astonishment she didn't know whether to laugh or get angry. "You hound, is there a truthful

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 21, 1955

AUTHORISED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WINE BOARD



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bone in your body? Are you taking a plane at all? Are you going to Hollywood?"

"I'm going to Hollywood, all right. And at midnight, Margie, stop beetling your lovely brows. You're getting to an age where you have to start thinking about the lines in your face. You see, you looked like such a scared rabbit when I first got into the cab with you, I thought it would reassure you to say I was leaving town at nine. It wasn't a lie. I was shading the truth by three hours. Isn't it better this way? We can take our time." He sipped the wine. "Try our Burgundy. It's superb."

Marjorie said, "At exactly twenty minutes to nine I am getting up and leaving this table. Just remember that."

As they ate, he told her about restaurants in Mexico City; about palatial hotels in primitive mountain country, which served vintage wines and the choicest food. He set her giggling and shivering with stories of a maniacal multi-millionaire from Oklahoma, with whom he and the sculptor had roared around the countryside for a week, living like princes.

The musicians took their places again, and began to play "Old Moon Face." Marjorie and Noel looked at each other; Marjorie pointed to her watch. "Too late. Twenty-three to nine."

Noel said, "Woman, you practically wrote this song. Your spirit guided my hand."

"I don't see myself getting any royalties."

"Dance with me, and I'll split them with you."

The song had been giving Marjorie chills for months. Now dancing to it with Noel, there was only a pleasant floating languor. The light in the room was a strong dusty-pink. She closed her eyes. The music modulated to "It's Raining Kisses." "That's getting to be the standard arrangement," he said. "The Airman medley."

After a moment Marjorie murmured, "I'm glad they don't know the 'South Wind Waltz,' too."

"Margie, it was all fun wasn't it? Even South Wind?"

"It was fun, Noel."

"Marge, I hope you'll be the happiest woman in New York, or the suburbs, or wherever. I won't forget you. I have no regrets, except that I'm made a bit too crooked for you. And that's an old story."

To break the swelling of tears to her eyes she said, "I must leave."

It was seven minutes to nine when he kissed her cheek and put her in the cab. "Have fun

in Hollywood," she managed to say as the cab drove off.

Not thinking clearly, she went home and changed her clothes, then she had trouble getting another cab. It was five minutes to ten when she arrived at the hospital. She met Morris Shapiro in the lobby; he was walking out in his overcoat, and the grey hat which always looked too round and too big. His shoulders were stooped. "Morris!"

He glanced at her. "Oh, hello."

"Were you leaving here without me? Standing me up?"

"I thought something had happened and you weren't coming. It was quite all right, but—"

"Morris, I phoned two hours ago. Didn't you get my message?"

"What message? No. No message. What's the difference? I was going to a movie. Want to come? Or do something else?"

"I swear I telephoned, Morris. That new idiot on the switchboard—I'll strangle her—I left a message—"

He said very little in the cab. He answered her questions about the party pleasantly and he brushed aside her apologies. They went to a garish Hawaiian-decorated grill near the Waldorf. After they had danced a couple of lifeless dances, and were sitting and smoking at the table, Morris said, "Marjorie, were you with Noel, by any chance?"

Stunned, she nodded. He smiled wearily. "I thought so, somehow. It's perfectly all right."

Then she explained: the unexpected meeting, the miscalculations of time. He kept nodding. "Morris, it did me good, meeting him. I'd never have planned it, you know that. I'd have hung up if he'd telephoned. But it did me good. I realised for the first time how cured I really am."

"That's nice. You're tired, though, aren't you? You seem tired."

"Well, a bit. But I'm having fun."

"Well, so am I. We'll have another drink and a dance before we go."

She tried to put more zest into her dancing. But he really was a dull dancer, and as luck would have it the orchestra played a long set of rumbas, at which he was especially clumsy. So Dr. Shapiro took Marjorie home early that night.

She quit her hospital job a couple of weeks later, having

saved nearly a hundred dollars. Dr. Shapiro had not asked her to lunch or called her since the night of the party; and while she was rather humiliated by this, she was also rather relieved. He was cordial when he happened to meet her in the corridors; and, encountering her as she was leaving the admitting office for the last time, he said goodbye cordially.

The engagements and marriages of her college friends, girl cousins, and temple acquaintances went on and on. The attractive ones were nearly all married, and now the less attractive ones were going. Several of the girls had babies. A few like Rosalind Boehm had two.

The arrival of each engraved invitation touched off a fresh dirge by Mrs. Morgenstern over Morris Shapiro. Marjorie endured a bitter siege. She was quite willing to concede that she was unworthy of Morris Shapiro, that he was better than a thousand Noel Airmans, that she should consider herself lucky to polish the shoes and mend the shirts of such a wonderful man. It was all true. What did it matter? Her heart had closed.

She had a multitude of dates, mostly to avoid evenings at home. She kept herself busy by taking roles with non-paying theatre groups. She even went back to her old friends, the Vagabond Players at the YMHA, and scored a real hit as Nora in "A Doll's House," but the experience was rather depressing than otherwise, even when she was bowing to the loud applause. The auditorium, the stage, the very curtain seemed to have shrunk, like a scene of her childhood.

Wally Wronken occasionally took her to dinner. He was out of college, living with his parents, dejectedly making forty dollars a week in the advertising section of his father's office-furniture business. He worked on plays every evening from nine to twelve, and had already completed three farce comedies, which he had submitted without success to producers.

"Wally, you'll never get anywhere writing in your spare time," Marjorie told him. "You should devote your life to it."

"Well, I'm an adult now, theoretically. I'd rather pay for my own ties and shirts. I still think I'll get somewhere, if I can stick on this schedule."

Her mother liked Wally (having duly checked on the Wronken family), and often

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suggested that Marjorie could do worse than take him seriously, now that both of them were moving along in years.

"He'll probably get over the writing foolishness, and there's his father's business waiting for him," she said. Marjorie shrugged this off, as she did most of her mother's broadening hints about getting married.

But she did feel guilty about living unproductively at home, so she tried to keep her temper.

She was amazed, one morning in mid-February, to read this note in the theatre gossip of the "New York Times":

An added starter in the Broadway spring calendar may be Peter Ferris' production of a musical comedy, "Princess Jones." The author, Noel Airman, an ambitious newcomer with a couple of popular song hits to his credit, notably the recent "Old Moon Face," has written book, lyrics, and music. Shades of a certain better-known Noel? More anent all this when producer and author return from Hollywood stunts in a week or two.

The shock and the thrill blew her habitual reticence apart. Housecoat and nightgown flying, she scurried from her bedroom to the kitchen. "Mom, have you seen this?"

Mrs. Morgenstern looked up from the eggs she was frying. "What now?"

Marjorie read the item aloud with an edge of triumph in her voice. The mother's eyebrows went high. She dished up the eggs and poured coffee. "Well, sit down and have some breakfast, if you're not too excited to eat."

"I'm not excited at all," Marjorie said. "But it is interesting, isn't it? I always knew he had talent. Not everybody agreed with me, but of course I'm used to that."

"Have you heard from him lately?"

"You know I've been through with Noel Airman for a year, but I certainly wish him well. Why shouldn't I?"

"Who's this Peter Ferris?"

"I don't know. Some new producer, I guess."

The mother picked up the paper and frowned over it. "Princess Jones, hey? Him. You think it's going to be a hit?"

"I think it will be. It's brilliant."

"How do you know?"

"Noel read the book and played the score for me ages ago."

"What's it all about?"

Marjorie hesitated. But there was something too exhilarating about knowing the story of an incoming Broadway show. She talked as she ate her eggs, and the mother listened attentively to the story of the American heiress marrying a bankrupt young prince, and trying to reform the cheese-making industry of a sleepy little Balkan country on the pattern of American assembly-line efficiency.

After a while Mrs. Morgenstern began looking confused and wrinkling her nose. Marjorie was getting all tangled in sub-plots. She broke off. "Oh, it's impossible to tell the story of a musical show. It's a light, gay, satiric fantasy, that's all, with music and dancing."

"Well, maybe it's over my head."

Marjorie made a face and carried her coffee with the "Times" into her bedroom. She read the few printed lines over and over. Her own name in the theatre column could hardly have made her feel more excited and happy.

She took to pouncing on the paper at the door every morning, and opening it at the amusements section without glancing at the front page.

For a couple of weeks there was nothing more; then a note appeared that Noel had returned to town with the producer to assemble a cast. She

## Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

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walked numbly through the next few days, seeing him every time she turned a corner on the street. But there are a lot of people in New York, and the chances of any two of them meeting by accident twice within a year aren't high; she didn't encounter Noel.

Soon the papers began reporting the signing of featured players for "Princess Jones." Several of the drugstore kids tried out for the chorus and for bit parts, with the usual lack of success. Marjorie day-dreamed of going to the theatre and turning up demurely in the try-outs. But in practical fact she was too short to be a show-girl, she couldn't sing, she couldn't dance, and she knew there was no speaking part in the show which she could play.

Had she been Noel's girl, he might have written a few lines for her; but it would be impossible humiliating, she felt, to try to crawl to him now for favors. Chances were that he was entangled with some starlet or actress, and had forgotten her. And good riddance, Marjorie assured herself. She stuck to that.

Still, it gave her a secret elation to hear the drugstore crowd talking about "Princess Jones" as they did about any other incoming production. Some of the gossipers asserted that it was a sure smash hit, and that the brokers were already buying up huge blocks of tickets. Others said it was a threadbare old-hat piece which wouldn't last a week. Such contradictory rumors inevitably sprang up about all new shows.

March 4, 1937.

Dear Marjorie:

If you remember me—and if you have any use for me on the basis of your memories—would you have lunch with me one of these days? I'm engaged to be married. If I don't pour it all out soon to some feminine heart I can trust, I'll explode.

My phone number is EN 2-5784. I don't want to startle you by calling you like a voice from the dead. I'm still very much alive and I hope everything's wonderful with you.

Isn't it exciting about Noel's show?

Love,  
MARSHA.

Marjorie's lip curled as she read this letter. The offhand reference to Noel's show was the key, of course. Marsha wanted to pump her about "Princess Jones." The show was in its first week of rehearsals, and Marjorie was having a hard time keeping herself from strolling past the theatre, so any distraction was welcome. She telephoned Marsha, thinking that it would be amusing to find out whether the engagement was another of her facile lies.

Marsha seemed exceptionally wild and gay on the telephone. "Sugar bun, it's heaven to talk to you. One o'clock is great, just marvellous. Where? Some place, glorious. Let's have lunch at the Plaza."

"The Plaza?"

"Why not? Nothing but the best for la Morningstar."

"Marsha, la Morningstar is an unemployed vagrant."

"Nonsense."

"I wish it were nonsense."

"Well, darling, this is the chance of a lifetime then. I'll treat you."

"Nothing doing. If some fool man takes me to the Plaza that's different, but—"

"Margie, I'm rolling in money. Wait till I tell you. I jingle when I walk. I clank. My one problem is getting rid of it, I swear. Pick me up at my apartment at a quarter to, and we'll walk across the park.

It's a gorgeous day." She told Marjorie her new address.

"I'll pick you up, Marsha, but as for the Plaza—"

"Wonderful, sugar bun. Bye."

Marjorie mustered up her best daytime clothes. Marsha sounded engaged, all right—engaged and triumphant—and Marjorie was in no mood to be triumphed over.

The new address turned out to be a shabby-genteel apartment house on West 62nd Street with a self-service elevator. As Marjorie pressed the button the street door opened and a short man with white hair came in, holding a large brown paper bag in both arms. Marjorie smelled the spice of delicatessen and took a second look at the tanned, plump face of the man. "Hello, Mr. Zelenko! Remember me?"

The man glared at her. His face brightened, and he extended a few fingers from the side of the paper bag. "Well! The great Morningstar! More beautiful than ever!"

Riding up in the elevator, Marjorie said, "I'm so happy to hear about Marsha."

"Yes, Lou's a wonderful

matter," Mrs. Zelenko said, still holding Marjorie's two hands and beaming. "Darling, I know you girls are going out for lunch, but do come back and talk to us old folks afterwards, won't you? I'm dying to hear all about your theatre career."

"I can dispose of that in about two seconds, Mrs. Zelenko. It's non-existent."

"I don't believe it. All beginnings are hard, but if I ever had confidence in the future of anybody—"

Marsha came into the room, shoulders up, miming like a model. Marjorie was truly astonished to see this slim tanned woman in a Persian lamb jacket, striking black dress, and killingly stylish tiny hat and veil. Only the wide smile and eager eyes were Marsha's.

"Well—My long-lost darling!" She threw her arms around Marjorie, giving off fumes of costly perfume, then stood back and surveyed Marjorie in a swift shiny-eyed glance. "Why do I bother? No girl who values her ego should ever be seen with you."

She had quite the largest diamond on her left hand that Marjorie had ever seen.

"Don't say that, Marsha. I think you look grand," said the

the food. There's at least forty bagels—"

Lou Michaelson said, "Marsha told me there wasn't anything in the house to eat. I just thought I'd surprise you, and bring some lunch—"

Marsha said, "Oh, what's the difference, for crying out loud? We're off." She threw an arm around Mr. Michaelson, kissed his ear, and rubbed off the lipstick. "Meet me at five at the Plaza for a drink?"

"This is the day I play handball with Milt, dear. It does me a lot of good, you know."

"Bless you, sure it does. You just trot on up to your little old Y, and beat Milt to pieces. Meet me at the Plaza, six-thirty."

"It's a date, Marsh."

When the two girls came out to the bright sunny street, Marsha no longer appeared so transformed. The heavy features of face were the same, after all, though Marsha had quite starved away the fudginess.

So Marjorie thought, as the girls blinked and smiled at each other in the first shock of sunlight.

"Game to walk, or do we take a cab?" Marsha said. "It's such a marvellous day."

"Walk, by all means."

Marsha slipped an arm through hers. They went down the narrow street, holding their hats in the gusty breeze. "It's delicious to see you," Marsha said, her voice lower than it had been in the apartment, and less brassy.

Marjorie pressed her arm. "I'm awfully happy for you."

Marsha said, laughing, "Just my luck, you know, that you'd practically trip over Lou in my living-room. I was going to tease you. Tell you he was six feet tall and looked like Clark Gable and owned a yacht and so forth." She glanced at Marjorie, walking silently beside her, and her grin became a bit wistful. "What did you think of Lou, really, Margie? Did you get any impression of him?"

"Fiances are all alike to outsiders, aren't they, Marsha? I only saw him for a moment. He seems like a very swell guy, and entirely glassy-eyed over you, which is the main thing."

"You're a pretty swell guy, too," Marsha said. "Lou takes some knowing. He's incredibly smart about some things, and incredibly naive about others. It's really been a revelation to me that such people exist. And he certainly does think I'm the cat's pyjamas. But imagine me hooked to a handball fiend! D'you know when I first met him, he'd just come from playing handball?"

"Amazing," Marjorie said. "Did you meet Lou at the Y?"

"No, no, in Florida. At this hotel where my folks were staying. I've only known him a month. This has been a real abduction on a white horse, kid. I'm still slightly dizzy. I must have told you long ago that I was going to send my folks to Florida some day—"

"Yes, you did—"

"Of course. Those were my two obsessions, to get my mom a fur coat, and to send them to Florida. Well, by this year I'd saved the money, so I sent them. And that did it. Marjorie, believe it or not, my destiny actually hung on the fact that my father knows how to play fan-tan. Fan-tan, can you imagine? Lou loves the game, and he and Alex got to playing together at the hotel where they were staying. And then he sat with my folks at meals because he was lonesome, and of course they bent his ear about their divine Marsha."

"He'd taken a great fancy to my folks by then, so when I showed up I ran into a rush act the like of which few fe-

males have known. When Lou makes up his mind to do something, get out of his way. I never had a chance, if I'd wanted a chance. I'd known him three days when he went down town in Miami and came back with this." She waved the hand with the ring.

At the hotel they settled at a window table in the dining-room, ordered drinks, and sat smoking, chatting over old times.

Marsha said, "I certainly hope Noel's show is going to be a hit."

"So do I, of course," Marjorie said.

Marsha said, "I'm not just being polite. Lou has money in it."

"He has?"

"Not much. A couple of thousand. Mrs. Lemberg is a client of Lou's. The show looks pretty good at this point, I must say. I love the songs, especially the—why are you looking so blank?"

"Who's Mrs. Lemberg?"

"Don't you know?"

"Marsha, I haven't been seeing Noel since—oh, I don't know, last March, April."

Marsha smiled. "I mentioned your name a couple of times at the rehearsals. He didn't pick me up on it. Just went breezily on to something else. But his face changed a bit, kid, if you're interested."

"I'm not, and I'm sure you're mistaken."

"He hangs around with a

tall, dumb-looking redhead

from the chorus."

Marjorie hoped her face didn't show how the words stabbed. "Good for him and for the redhead. He's a connoisseur of chorus girls. That's just what he needs. More power to him."

"You're crazy, she bores him," Marsha said. "I know what he needs. But it's none of my business. Pardon the long, poking nose."

"Perfectly all right. Who's Mrs. Lemberg?"

"She's backing the show. Don't you really know any of this? Oh, goody, here's the food. If you call this nasty heap of dry grass food, I'd like to set fire to it. And you, you pig—curried chicken and rice! Wait till I'm safely married, baby—but about Mrs. Lemberg—"

Marjorie said, "Well, about Mrs. Lemberg—"

With a mischievous grin, Marsha finally told her. Mrs. Lemberg was an old friend of Lou Michaelson's mother, who died recently. Most of her money was in Brooklyn apartment houses, formerly managed by Mrs. Michaelson and now by Lou. Mrs. Lemberg had met the producer of "Princess Jones," Peter Ferris, at Palm Springs. He was a handsome young actor and stage manager, who had become friendly with Noel in Hollywood; and he had talked Mrs. Lemberg into putting up the money for the production. She always consulted Lou in business decisions, so she had telephoned him in Florida about the show.

"Naturally, when I heard it was by Noel Airman I jumped," Marsha said. "I raved on to Lou about how brilliant Noel was, so he telephoned back that same night and told Lou Lemberg to go ahead, if she felt like gambling on Broadway. And I got him to buy a little piece of the show, just for luck. Now he's so steamed up about it and so pleased with himself he can't sit still. He keeps saying he's just begun to live. At rehearsals, he's like a child of six at a circus—Well, that's the fact of it, baby. It's a small world, hey?"

"If I'd ever dreamed the day would come when I'd help Noel Airman get his first musical

To page 47

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



fellow. You'll have to meet him sometime. Lou's quite a fellow."

A Bach fugue was resounding through the apartment hallway, played with all Mrs. Zelenko's old power and skill. The apartment, though larger than the one on 92nd Street, had much the same look. A little grey-headed man who looked like Mr. Zelenko, evidently an uncle or some relative, sat in an armchair near the window, with his face tilted towards the ceiling, his eyes closed, and the tips of his fingers pressed together. The mother broke off her playing sharply.

"Margie! For heaven's sake, why didn't that fool Alex tell me you were here?" She came and hugged Marjorie. She was tanned, too, and not quite as fat as Marjorie remembered; her hair was freshly waved and freshly blond.

She said, "Well, you look absolutely wonderful as always, you've become just piercingly beautiful, dear, it does my heart good to see you—"

Marsha's voice, jovial and muffled, called out. "Is that the divine Morningstar? Be with you in thirty seconds."

The father came in from the kitchen, scratching his thick white hair. "Who bought all that other delicatessen in the kitchen, and why? We have enough to feed an army."

"I did," said the little grey uncle.

The father said, "Oh, hello. I didn't know you were coming too."

"It's all a mix-up, it doesn't



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## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ *Love Me or Leave Me* ★★ *The Rainbow Jacket*  
**T**HE story of Ruth Etting, a torch singer of the jazzy 'twenties, who was the central character in a strange romance and a startling shooting affray, provides a bitterly dramatic background for the big-screen musical "Love Me or Leave Me."

Metro teams Doris Day as Ruth Etting and James Cagney as Marty Snyder, nicknamed "The Gimp," a small-time gangster who was Etting's agent before he married her and directed her career.

The combination is most effective. On the musical side, Doris, who is no torch singer, puts across numerous popular old songs with enormous pep and verve. Her acting of an unusual role is first-rate, and she looks striking in gowns of the period.

James Cagney's concept of the possessive, egocentric "Gimp" is being mentioned as Academy Award-worthy.

The Etting success story begins in a sleazy Chicago dance hall. It takes Ruth to recording and broadcasting fame, then to the Ziegfeld Follies, and finally to notoriety in Hollywood.

In Sydney—St. James.

The story, written by T. E. B. Clarke, combines seamy fiction with picturesque documentation. It resembles Edgar Wallace with Jockey Club overtones.

The career of an apprentice jockey (played agreeably by young Fella Edmonds) from the day that he is found by the discredited rider of Bill Owen to the occasion on which he wins his first classic race provides the story line.

In developing the rough friendship between the youngster with horse-racing in his blood, the film introduces a pleasant little romance between Bill Owen and his pupil's mother (Kay Walsh).

Robert Morley is outstanding as Lord Logan, a steward of the Jockey Club and a highly articulate owner.

Race scenes are colorful, but close-ups of the riders are painful fakes.

In Sydney—Victory.

## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

**CAPITOL.**—★★★ "To Hell and Back," technicolor CinemaScope wartime autobiography, starring Audie Murphy, Marshall Thompson, Susan Kohner. Plus featurettes.  
**CENTURY.**—★★★ "A Man Called Peter," Delux color CinemaScope drama, starring Richard Todd, Jean Peters. Plus featurettes.

**EMBASSY.**—★★★ "Lease of Life," Eastmancolor drama, starring Robert Donat, Kay Walsh. Plus ★ "River Beat," mystery, starring Phyllis Kirk, John Bentley.

**ESQUIRE.**—★ "Love is a Many-splendored Thing," Delux color CinemaScope romantic drama, starring William Holden, Jennifer Jones. Plus featurettes.

**LIBERTY.**—★★★ "The Glass Slipper," MetroScope color romance, starring Leslie Caron, Michael Wilding. Plus "Sequoia," animal feature, starring Jean Parker. (Release review unavailable.)

**LYRIC.**—★★★ "All That Heaven Allows," technicolor romantic drama, starring Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson. Plus ★★ "Winchester 73," Western, starring James Stewart, Dan Duryea, Shelley Winters. (Re-release.)

**MAYFAIR.**—★ "How to be Very, Very Popular," color CinemaScope comedy with songs, starring Betty Grable, Sheree North, Robert Cummings. Plus featurettes.

**PALACE.**—★ "Down Three Dark Streets," thriller, starring Broderick Crawford, Ruth Roman, Martha Hyer. Plus "Overland Pacific," color Western, starring Jack Mahoney, Peggie Castle, Adele Jergens.

**PALLADIUM.**—★★★ "The Day the Earth Stood Still," science-fiction thriller, starring Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal. ★★ "Anne of the Indies," technicolor pirate adventure, starring Jean Peters, Louis Jourdan, Debra Paget. (Both re-releases.)

**PRINCE EDWARD.**—★★★ "Rear Window," technicolor thriller, starring James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey. Plus featurettes.

**SAVOY.**—★★★ "Fire in the Blood" ("La Rage au Corps"), French drama with English sub-titles, starring Francoise Arnoul, Raymond Pellegrin. Plus featurettes.

**STATE.**—★ "Prize of Gold," technicolor thriller, starring Richard Widmark, Mai Zetterling, Nigel Patrick. Plus "Jesse James Versus the Daltons," technicolor Western, starring Brett King, Barbara Lawrence.

**ST. JAMES.**—★★★ "Love Me or Leave Me," color CinemaScope musical drama, starring Doris Day, James Cagney. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

**VICTORY.**—★★★ "The Rainbow Jacket," technicolor racing drama, starring Bill Owen, Kay Walsh, Robert Morley. (See review this page.) Plus "Radio Cab Murder," thriller, starring Jimmy Hanley, Lana Morris.

### Not yet reviewed

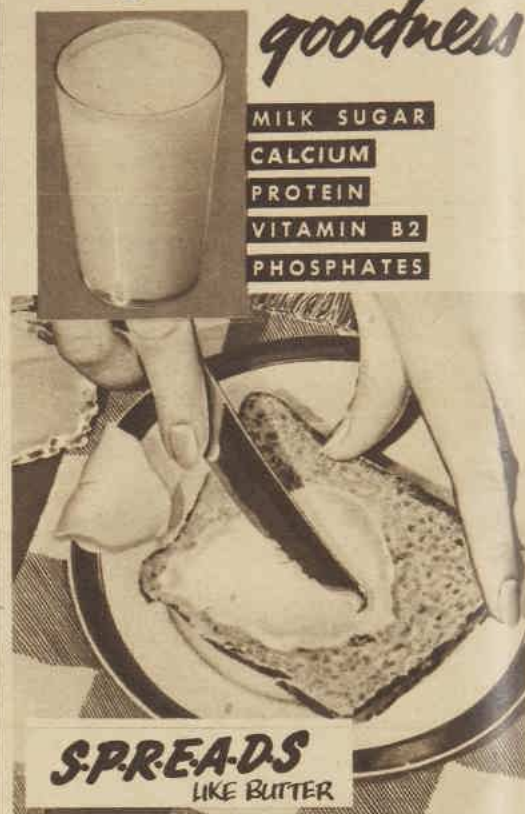
**LYCEUM.**—"One Good Turn," comedy, starring Norman Wisdom, Shirley Abicair. Plus "Little Red Monkey," thriller, starring Richard Conte, Rona Anderson.

**PARIS.**—"Davy Crockett," technicolor period Western, starring Fess Parker, Buddy Ebsen. Plus featurettes.

**PLAZA.**—"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," color CinemaScope adventure, starring James Mason, Kirk Douglas, Paul Lukas, Peter Lorre. Plus featurettes, including Disney's "Toot, Whistle, Plunk, and Boom."

**REGENT.**—"The Tall Men," CinemaScope Delux color Western, starring Clark Gable, Jane Russell, Robert Ryan, Cameron Mitchell. Plus featurettes.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 21, 1955





**1** NEWS that he has been called up by the Air Force is broken by Robert "Dutch" Holland (James Stewart) to his bride, Sally (June Allyson). Dutch, now at the height of his career and earning-power as a baseball star, resents this peace-time assignment to the powerful new force. His protests on the score of past war service are disregarded because older, seasoned fliers are needed on the job.



**2** NOSTALGIC but resigned, Dutch is soon assimilated. But Sally, unhappy at their separation, finally moves into cramped quarters provided for her husband, awaits the birth of their baby.

## Air Force saga

★ Paramount's technicolor VistaVision production "Strategic Air Command" affords behind-the-scenes glimpses of the service arm upon which the United States of America depends for the preservation of peace.

It is the Strategic Air Force, the atom-bomb command of inter-continental bombers.

The story unfolds around a star baseball player who is an Air Force reservist called back to active duty and assigned to the Strategic Air Command.

This role is played by star James Stewart, who is him-

self an aviation enthusiast with a distinguished combat record as a pilot in the European theatre of operations during World War II.

It was Stewart who originally gave Paramount the basic idea for the picture. He also nominated himself to play the central character in it.

Actress June Allyson co-stars in the familiar role of a devoted wife who shares Stewart's life in "Strategic Air Command."

Also in the cast are Frank Lovejoy, Barry Sullivan, Alex Nicol, and Bruce Bennett.



**3** FORCED LANDING somewhere in Alaska while on a secret flight, about which Sally knows nothing, grounds the squad for two days until rescue arrives. Back at base, anxiously Dutch rushes formalities through in order to get leave to go home.



**4** BACK HOME, Dutch meets his daughter. Happiness is increased by the news of a removal to a new base near their own home.



**5** EXHAUSTED Dutch announces he has decided to remain permanently in the Air Force. Sally upbraids him for this solo decision. "I married a wonderful guy," says Sally. "He's gone and all I have left is a tired Air Force colonel."



**6** MISSION that is a real test for Strategic Air Command is nearly fatal for men involved. Dutch brings his plane home, but suffers an injury which results in his discharge. Reunited with his family, he returns as a coach for his team.

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show produced—The craziest things happen if you live long enough, don't they?"

Marjorie shook her head, smiling, and said nothing.

"I'm going along to the rehearsal from here. Come along," Marsha said.

"Sorry. I have a million things to do this afternoon." It was all a little too much, Marjorie was thinking. Marsha Zelenko, of all people in the world, Marsha Zelenko—was a personage around the "Princess Jones" production, and could come and go at rehearsals. Why was she yearning to become an actress? What was so good about being sponsored by Mrs. Lemberg, and praised by Marsha Zelenko to her little grey-headed fiancé, Lou Michaelson? The glamor seemed to be going out of the theatre. She fumbled at her purse.

In a sudden dry tone Marsha said, "I'm paying, remember? Don't fool around."

Marjorie looked at her and put down the purse. "With pleasure, moneybags. With pleasure."

"Are you really through with Noel, Margie? For good?"

"Obviously."

"Is there another guy?"

"Oh, there have been others, and there'll be others, Marsha. But no more Noels, thanks. Do you know, by some chance, a nice solid man?"

"Sure, Lou Michaelson," Marsha said. She snapped open her purse, took out a twenty-dollar bill, and dropped it on the check. "Okay. I won't go to the rehearsal. Will you help me shop for my trousseau? I'm up to nightgowns on the check list. Help me pick out some nice yummy things to please Lou."

"Well—sure, I guess so. I can do that. I'd like to."

"And you'll come to my wedding, won't you? It's a week from Sunday."

"Of course. I'd love to."

"Wonderful. Got a guy to come with you?"

"I'll provide a guy, if I want one."

"Shall I invite Noel?"

"No, don't."

Marsha's eyes glistened.

"Okay, I won't."

"Where and what time?"

"Six-thirtyish." Marsha tilted her head archly. "Guess where."

"I haven't an idea in the world. Some hotel?"

"Remember the El Dorado?"

"You lives there. It'll be in his apartment."

Marjorie said, "Well, well. You're practically producing Noel's show, and you're going to live at the El Dorado. What next?"

Marsha shrugged, grinning.

"The wheel of fortune, hey, sugar bun? It's all too ironic for words, but—what are you buckering your forehead about?"

"Michaelson . . . Did this Mrs. Michaelson limp?" Marjorie said. "A small, dumpy, old woman, always wore black, limped."

"She did have a club foot, Lou says."

"Well, I knew her," Marjorie said. "She and my mother were on some charity committee of the El Dorado—Red Cross, or something. She was in our apartment a dozen times. Well—so you're marrying old Mrs. Michaelson's son. My mother will die."

They looked each other in the face, and at the same instant burst out laughing. They laughed very hard. Marsha touched a tiny handkerchief to her eyes. "Ah, it's a marvelous life, Margie, I'm telling you, if you don't get easily discouraged and cut your throat. It's a temptation now and then, grant you. Come on, let's shop."

Marjorie said, "Well, this ought to be gay, shopping for a trousseau. Good practice for me, let us hope."

Marsha said abruptly, "I thought you had a million

## Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 42

things to do this afternoon." And when Marjorie stared at her in confusion, she said, "When will you get wise to yourself? If you were through with Noel Airman, you'd have gone to the rehearsal like a shot. And you wouldn't have given a boot whether he came to the wedding or not. However, not another word from me will you hear. I'm the original genius at conducting one's love life. Taxi!"

Marjorie had not been at the El Dorado for more than two years, but the red-faced doorman, in a purple uniform newly froged with gold, touched his hat and said, "Evening, Miss Marjorie." It was like a dream to find herself walking through his luxurious lobby, a stranger and a visitor—a visitor, moreover, to Marsha Zelenko. She felt unaccountably nervous, and was glad that the elevator man was new. It would have been too unsettling to be taken up to Marsha's wedding by her old white-headed friend Frank.

She looked at herself in the coppery mirror and saw a troubled young woman, somewhat thinner, perhaps prettier, certainly much more sober than the girl who had last looked out at her from this mirror.

Lou Michaelson lived in Apartment 15F. The Morgens had lived in 17F. Marjorie knew how the apartment would be shaped, where the hallways would turn, where the windows would look out to the park.

A negro butler in a white coat opened the door, and the first person she saw in the apartment was Noel Airman, leaning in the archway of the living-room with his arms folded, surveying the buzzing guests with a faint smile. She was not very surprised, though the sight of him made her breath come hard. His tan was gone; he looked pale and tired. His jacket was an old tweed he had often worn at South Wind.

He didn't see her as she went past him. She gave her beaver coat to the servant, and darted down the hallway to the bedrooms. Marsha's mother, in a long blue gown decked with a huge spray of green orchids, was chattering in the bend of the hall with a group of guests. She held out both hands to Marjorie.

"Darling! So sweet of you to come. This is Luba Wolono, dear, you know, the great concert artist, my old, old friend. Luba's going to play for the ceremony. Luba, this is Marjorie Morningstar, the actress, Marsha's oldest and dearest friend. And this is Mr. Packovitch, and this is Mr. Maggiore—"

Marjorie wasn't sure whether she had ever heard of Luba Wolono, but it sounded like the name of a concert artist, and the woman certainly looked like one: almost six feet tall, white-faced, and dressed in floor-length black, with long black hair parted as with a hatchet in the middle and pulled straight back. Luba Wolono gave Marjorie a small mournful smile. The guests stopped staring at the concert artist, and turned to stare at the actress.

"Where's Marsha?" Marjorie said.

"Bedroom, first door on the right, dear. She'll adore seeing you. You look lovely—"

When Marjorie turned the knob of the closed bedroom door there were shrieks, giggles, and screams of "No, no!"

She slipped inside. "I'm not a man, relax."

Marsha stood in the centre of the room with one side of her skirt pulled up and three

excited girls clustered about her. They were pulling and hauling at her, all talking at once. The bedroom was full of heavy carved black furniture, and a big black-framed photograph of Mrs. Michaelson brooded over it on the far wall.

Marsha shouted, "Marjorie, what can you do about a stuck zipper? Lend us a hand, will you? Otherwise the wedding can't begin."

The girls squealed.

"These are my cousins from St. Louis," Marsha said. "They're so excited they're helpless. Elaine Packovitch, Sue Packovitch, Patricia Packovitch, Margie Morgenstern."

The girls stopped plucking at Marsha long enough to inspect Marjorie and chirp greetings. They varied in age from about eighteen to twenty-six, and they all looked very much like Marsha at her least attractive stage. They were



dressed in terrible flounces—pink, green, yellow.

Marjorie came to Marsha's side, and peered at the skirt hem jammed in the zipper. "Let's see—"

She wrenched and pushed deftly for a second or two, and the skirt dropped free.

"Well, bless your little heart, what would I do without la Morningstar?" Marsha straightened her skirt at the mirror.

"What time is it, somebody?"

One of the cousins said, "Five to six."

"Thirty-five minutes to go. Where's my hat? It was right here—oh, there it is—" Marsha put on a small white hat with a white nose veil. "Somebody close the blinds, the wind's giving me the willies." It had grown quite dark, and rain was rattling on the window glass. A cousin snapped the venetian blind shut.

Marsha's brown eyes were brilliant with excitement; her face was flushed, and her upper lip quivered. She wore a suit of navy-blue silk, unornamented and severely cut, with a white orchid on her shoulder. She said, "Okay, now. Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue—wait, did I borrow anything?"

After a major squalling conference, with the Packovitch girls pressing earrings, bracelets, watches, and jewellery on her, she took a handkerchief from Marjorie, tucked it in a pocket, and dropped heavily on the bed. "Okay. The ox is ready for the knife."

Marjorie said, "How do you feel?"

"Absolutely floating, what do you think?" Marsha stared at her and smiled slyly. "Oh, listen, I'd better

warn you. You-know-who is here, after all."

"I saw him as I came in."

"I'm sorry. I swear it isn't my doing. Lou got carried away at rehearsal and invited him, and then I couldn't very well—"

"Marsha, really—it's quite all right."

"Have you talked to him?"

"He didn't see me."

"Well, for crying out loud, what are you sitting here with me for? Go on out there. There are some other cute boys."

Lou's partner, Milton Schwartz, isn't bad, if you can stand lawyers. I can't, but it's too late now, of course—"

Marjorie said, "I'd just as lief stay here and hold your hand."

"Sugar bun, I have a cousin on each hand, and one to hold my head. Shoo. Scat. Go out and make the men feel good. Just don't start anything with the rabbi. I don't want him unfrocked before he ties the knot." Marjorie went

What was the truth about herself, her life, her hopes, her dream of becoming Marjorie Morningstar?

"You're Marjorie Morgenstern." It was a pleasant voice, and a young one, cutting through the chatter behind her. The young man held two highball glasses in his hands. He wore a dark grey suit, and he had a handsome round face that might have been girlish, except for the solid square jaw. Thick black hair framed his forehead in a round line. He was about Noel's age.

"Yes, I'm Marjorie Morgenstern."

"I hope you like Scotch and soda."

"At the moment I could go quite mad about one. Thank you." She took the glass and drank deeply. "This is very nice of you."

"I'm Milton Schwartz."

"Oh? Lou's law partner."

"Right. You know me, Marjorie. At least I know you. We've danced. Two whole dances."

"Oh?"

"At the 92nd Street Y. The dance after the play. The night you played Nora in 'A Doll's House.'"

She regarded him more carefully. He might indeed be any one of the hundreds of boys she had danced with at one time or another since her fifteenth year; not bad-looking, with Jewish light and warmth in the eyes, and an urbane alertness about the face, the posture.

Noel Airman crossed her line of vision beyond Milton Schwartz's shoulder. Hands in the pockets of his worn grey flannel trousers, Noel was lounging through the knots of guests towards a large black reading-stand in a corner of the room. She turned brightly to Schwartz. "Of course. I should have remembered. I was pretty numb that night. It was such a bad show—"

"Except for you it was pretty bad. But you were radiant."

"Thank you."

"I'm not being polite. Actually your performance wasn't good for the show. You were so much better than the others, the whole effect became worse than it might have been. Sort of like throwing a white light on a painted set."

"Why, thank you again, that's very nicely put."

Schwartz was rolling the highball glass between his palms. "I wanted to say a lot to you that night. That's why I cut in. But then I got tongue-tied at the idea of dancing with a professional actress. I've always been keen on dramatics, and—"

"I'm not a professional. Not by a long shot."

Noel was poking and peering at the black stand, which, Marjorie now realised, might be a piece of electrical equipment, possibly a diathermy machine. What on earth was it doing in the living-room?

Schwartz said, "Don't say that. I know a good bit about you. I used to work with the Vagabonds. I went backstage that night and got the lowdown on you. The legal mind at work. I tried to call you for a date three or four times after that, but I got discouraged. You were never at home, and—"

She flashed a brilliant smile at Schwartz and laughed as though he had made a devilishly clever joke. Noel's eyes had moved for a fraction of a second towards her, and away again. She laid a hand on Schwartz's arm. "It was sweet of you to go to all that trouble. I wish I'd known."

He scanned her face, his mouth moving in a slow, pleasant smile. "You'll think I'm a fool, but when Marsha mentioned at the office last week, quite by accident, that her friend Marjorie Morgenstern was coming to the wedding, I

all but knocked her down, hugging her."

"Did you really? I must have been better as Nora than I thought. Don't forget those were Ibsen's lines. I'm just a would-be bit player, just another West End Avenue girl. If you're cherishing any other picture of me, you'll be sorry you ever got to know me any better." She said all this with great vivacity, her eyes fixed on Schwartz's.

He said, "There's no end to how much better I'd like to know you."

"I thought lawyers were slow to commit themselves."

"You came alone tonight, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Let me take you home, or out, or anything you say, after this is over."

She hesitated. Nothing could annoy Noel more of course. "That's very kind of you—"

"Marjorie! Marjorie, please!"

Mrs. Zelenko was waving at her from the middle of the room, smiling very brightly.

"Excuse me," she said to Schwartz.

Marsha's mother slipped an arm through hers and drew her out of the living-room; Noel Airman and Milton Schwartz both looked after her. The three Packovitch girls were whispering together in a corner of the foyer. They noticed Marjorie and whispered more excitedly behind their hands.

Mrs. Zelenko muttered, "Don't look cornered or anything. It's nothing at all, bridal nerves, I guess. I had a bad case of it ten minutes before my own ceremony, heaven knows. But you'd better talk to her—she's asking for you—"

"Of course."

Rounding the corner of the hallway, they encountered Lou Michaelson, with two men in black. His wavy grey hair was oiled down and sharply parted, showing freckles on his scalp. He introduced the rabbi and the best man to Marjorie.

"Just a few more minutes," he said, with a flustered smile. "I can't believe it. How's Marsha, Mom?"

"Wonderful, wonderful, Lou. We're just going to her."

The mother opened the door of the bedroom carefully. Marsha lay face down on the bed, under the picture of Mrs. Michaelson. She said in a strange voice, grainy and dry, "I just want to talk to Marjorie, Tonia. You can go along."

"Marsha, dear, I'll do anything—"

"I'm perfectly okay. I'm wonderful. Goodbye."

Mrs. Zelenko shrugged at Marjorie and went out. When the door closed, Marsha sat up, clutching Marjorie's handkerchief. Her eyes were moist and reddish. The little white hat was askew over one ear.

"Have you ever been closed in on by a herd of bellowing buffalo? My dear cousins were beginning to oppress me. I had to get rid of them or jump out of the window. And I couldn't do that. Think of what the rain would do to this sweet little hat. Twenty-seven dollars." She laughed, "Well, la Morningstar, are you nervous? I'm not. Calmest bride you ever heard of. Well? Sit down,

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### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.



# For entertaining in your home....



## C.S.R. COFFEE SUGAR CRYSTALS

A special sugar for use with coffee

These attractive sugar crystals are particularly suitable for serving on special occasions. With Christmas coming, be sure that C.S.R. Coffee Sugar Crystals are on your shopping list. They are pre-packaged for your convenience in attractive 1-lb. packs.



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Neat, convenient and just the right size—C.S.R. loaf sugar comes to you in a handy 2-lb. pack. Your guests will appreciate it as a thoughtful touch. Your family will like it, too. C.S.R. loaf sugar is pure refined sugar, compressed into sparkling tablets. Get a packet from your grocer.



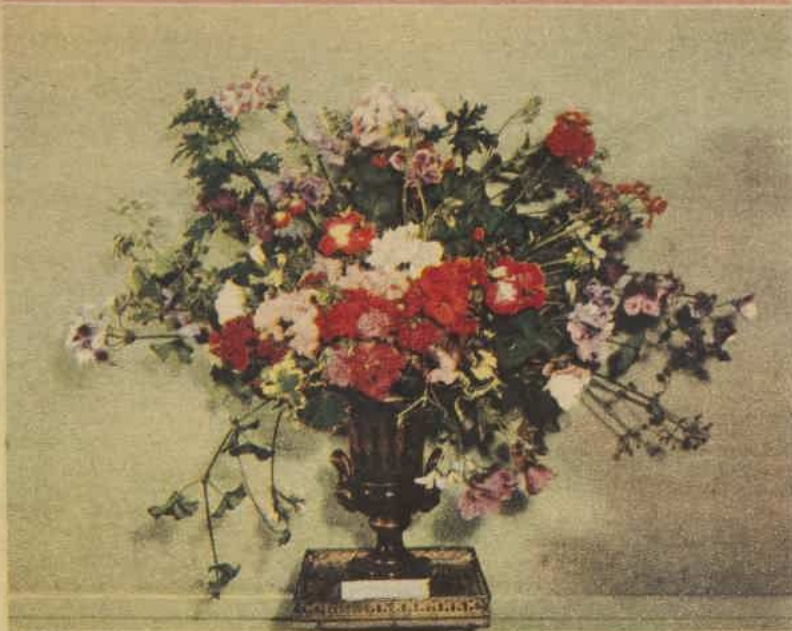
The sugar you buy from your grocer is an all-Australian product. It is made from cane grown by 9,000 independent farmers in the tropic north. The farmers' cane is converted to raw sugar at 34 big mills in the canelands (C.S.R. owns

7 of them). The raw sugar is shipped south to the large population centres for refining. Farmers, millers and refiners work as an efficient team. As a result sugar in Australia is cheaper than in most other countries.

**The Colonial Sugar Refining Company Limited**



## GIFTS FOR GARDENERS



ATTRACTIVE ARRANGEMENT of pelargoniums and geraniums would make an ideal Christmas present, particularly if the gift were accompanied by cuttings of these old-fashioned flowers. They are becoming more and more popular with gardeners. This bouquet was arranged by Mrs. David Pratten, of Pymble, N.S.W.

Christmas shopping problems can be solved easily if you are buying for garden-loving friends and relatives. Gift suggestions this year range from potted plants for flat-dwellers to gardening books and implements.

**A**N idea which is fast gaining in popularity is to buy an attractive vase and fill it with flowers arranged to blend with your friend's living-room.

If your gift recipient happens to be an enthusiastic gardener, you can carry your present a little farther by sending cuttings or seeds of the flowers included in the flower arrangement.

House-plants are a good present for a woman who loves gardening but who cannot always spare the time to dig outdoors.

There are some beautiful species available at this time of the year, including African violets, peperomias, philodendrons, monstera, fancy ivy, anthuriums, rex and tuberous begonias, gloxinias, and billbergias of many varieties.

Most stores are now selling small colored pots and troughs filled with miniature cacti or succulent, colorful oleus, shrimp plants, and slipper orchids. There are also plants that with a little extra care will do well indoors on a special table near a window or on a wide casement sill.

For wide doorways, porches, effective corners, verandahs, and odd spots round the house that need a face-lift, the big, deeply

perforated leaves of monstera deliciosa are a good choice. They last for years, grow vigorously, keep their color if given reasonable care, and are extremely decorative.

Saintpaulias (African violets) thrive to perfection in pots indoors, but should not be kept in a state of constant humidity with sodden soil, nor have their foliage wet every day or they soon rot off.

Many splendid varieties are now available.

Anthuriums don't do well indoors without heat. They are best in a glasshouse, but when in bloom can be taken inside during warm weather. Their colorful pink to red bracts or blooms are very attractive.

Billbergias, particularly the variety thyrsoides, and the parrot-flower, billbergia nutans, do well when potted up and are very hardy for the sunnier windows. However, peperomias, variegated ivy, coleus, and rex begonias are shade lovers, and soon fail if exposed to

full sunlight.

But these items are mainly for flat-dwellers and for those confined indoors through ill-health or age, or for people who must have something growing indoors as well as in the garden.

There is wide scope for resourcefulness when buying Christmas gifts for people who love their gardens.

Presents that will be appreciated are collections or ranges of flower and vegetable seeds, bundles of plants, shrubs, trees, orchids, implements, fertilisers and fungicides, spraying or dusting appliances, mowers, shears, secateurs, knives, pruning saws, garden furniture, and pots or window garden boxes.

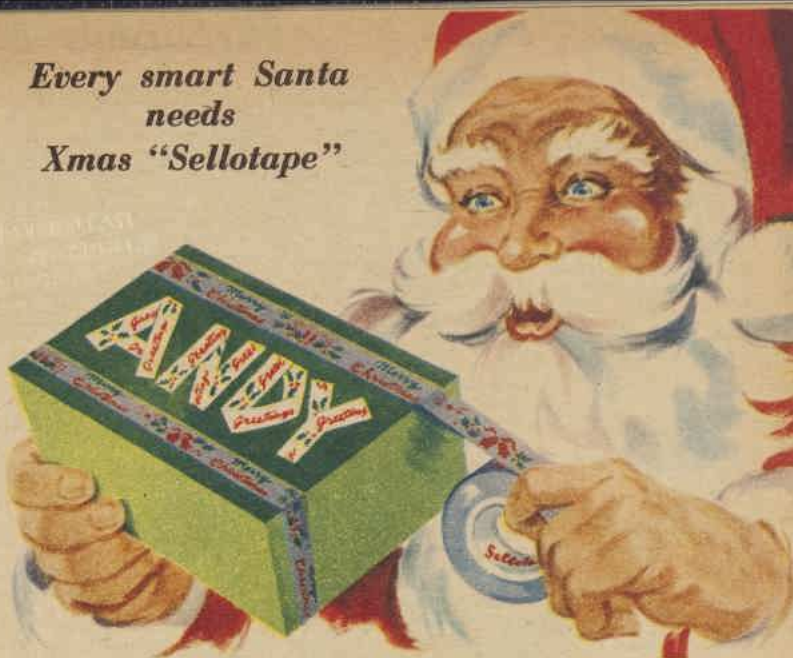
Christmas bushes, hydrangeas, camellias, azaleas, mint bushes, luculias, lasiandras, hibiscus, bottlebrushes, boronias, ardisias, Geraldton wax plants, diosmas, fuchsias, lavender are some of the things you can obtain already potted up for transplanting at this time of the year.

Gardening books suitably inscribed are among the most popular Christmas gifts, particularly if the gardener is a beginner and has a lot to learn.

If you are one of the people who believe that no home is complete during the festive season without a Christmas tree in the window, make sure it is a growing tree.

Later, it can be planted in the open, or given a bigger tub and used for several years until it grows too big to be placed indoors.

Every smart Santa  
needs  
Xmas "Sellotape"



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6 happy, festive designs—only 1/6 each everywhere



—and here's the actual width—for full gripping power—



## FROM THE BIBLE

This week's award of £2/2/- for a Bible quotation has been won by Miss Elaine Stephens, 1 Oakleigh Ave., Granville, N.S.W.

HER entry is:

"People swamped by work often say facetiously, 'There's no rest for the wicked.'"

"The expression comes from the book of Isaiah, chapter 48, verse 22, where the prophet says of the wanderings of the Jews, 'There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked.'"

Readers are invited to send in Bible quotations whose frequent application has made them part of everyday language. Entries should give the book, chapter, and verse from which the quotation comes and an example of current usage.

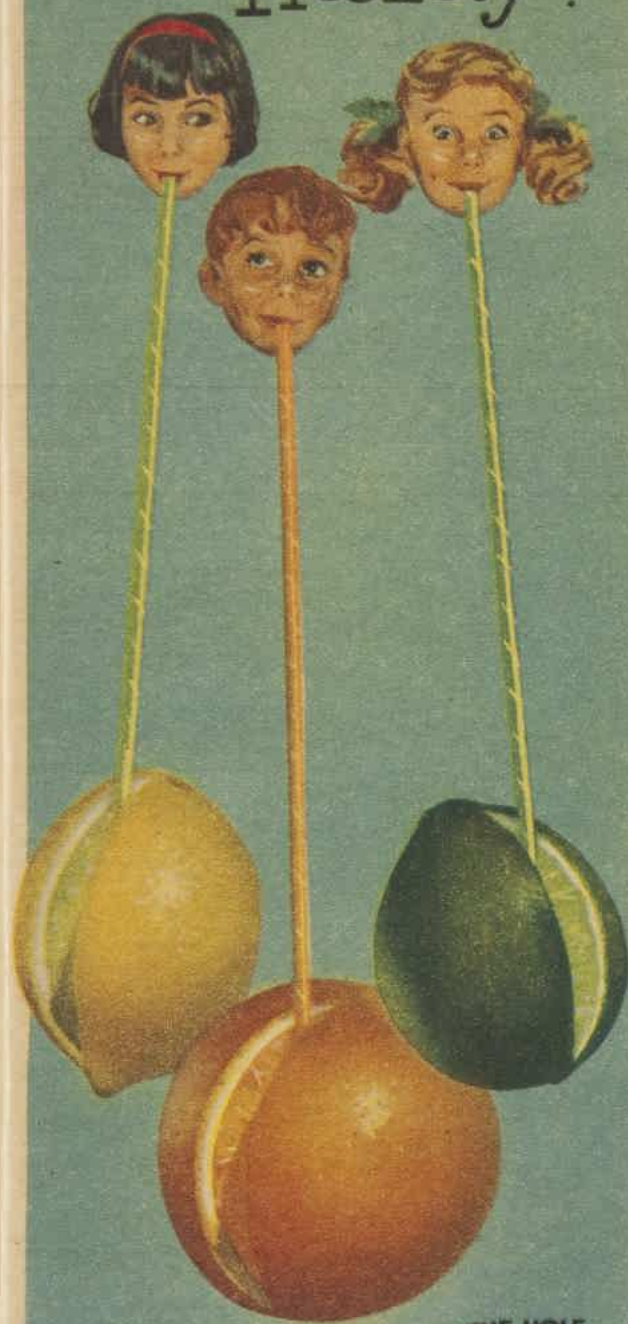
Entries should be addressed "Bible Quotations," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.







# Sip! Sip! Hooray!



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## Country Club

"Janet, for goodness sake fix this wretched thing for me!"

He spun on his heel and threw up his hands in disgust.

"Now, now," said Janet in her calm voice, "don't get flustered, William."

"Flustered? Who's flustered?"

"You are, darling," said Janet, slim fingers busy with his tie. "If you had only arranged to get home a little earlier."

"Well, the meeting just went on and on! Thank you, Janet. What time are the Bensons due here?"

"Eight-thirty," Janet picked up her evening bag. "It's just that now, I think. What are you looking for, William?"

"My coat! Where the devil..."

"Behind you, dear, on the bed. You just put it there."

William looked at her tensely for a moment, then picked up his dinner jacket and put it on. Janet eyed him critically and gave an approving nod.

"Very distinguished," she smiled, "even if you are a little red in the face!"

William glowered at her.

"Red in the face? Who's red in the face?"

"You are, dear," said Janet tartly. "Calm down. Relax, darling. You've been rushing around like mad..."

"Well, so help me..."

"Now, now, darling!"

The bedroom door burst open and a lithe young thing in yards of tulle said breathlessly, "Mother! There's Alan's father's car! They're here! Are you ready?"

"Coming, dear," said Janet. "Ready, William?"

...

Standing out on the Country Club terrace, William watched his daughter floating around the dance floor in the arms of young Alan Benson.

"Make a handsome couple, eh?" Benson's voice broke into his thoughts.

"They certainly do," William said. "Wish I had half their energy."

Benson cast a speculative eye at him.

"Hope you don't mind my saying this old chap, but—are you feeling off-colour?"

"No, no, I'm all right," said William. Then he grimaced and put a hand to his chest. "Bit of indigestion, that's all. Nervous indigestion. I've had quite a worrying day."

"Ah!" said Benson. "Thought so. We can fix that! Here, have some of these."

He held out a small cylindrical orange and blue packet.

"Quick-Eze," he said. "Always carry a packet in my pocket. Tell you what—keep the whole packet. Alice is sure to have another packet in her purse."

"Thank you very much," William said, letting a tablet dissolve in his mouth. "Quite a nice peppermint flavour, too. What's in them? What's it say here?"

"Mm," he said. "Let's see—'Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets... active ingredients... a combination of calcium carbonate, magnesium carbonate, magnesium trisilicate, peppermint oil and glucose'... for speedy relief from heartburn and after-meal discomfort... take one or two Quick-Eze after eating... if acute, take three or four..."

"That's about it," said Benson. "And Quick-Eze really works. The beauty of it is that you can carry a packet with you, and never be without it. Doesn't matter where you are, all you have to do is flip off a couple of Quick-Eze tablets and you can forget what indigestion's doing to you! No need to mess about with glasses of water and powder and so on—just eat 'em like sweets."

"And," Benson smiled, "Quick-Eze acts fast. Why don't you get a packet or two to-morrow? You can get 'em anywhere—and they're only sevenpence a packet."

"I will," said William. "I certainly will."

"Good," Benson waved a hand at the dance floor. "Time I danced with your charming wife."

"And I," said William gaily, "with yours!"

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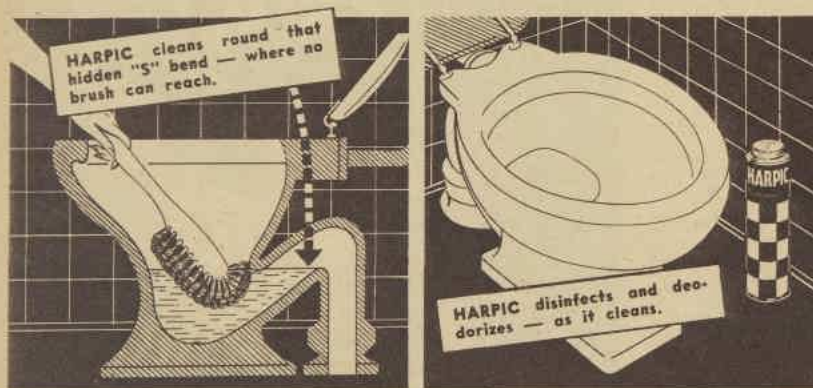
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use Harpic  
every  
night . . .  
to keep  
your toilet  
clean and bright



Scrubbing is unpleasant — and a back-aching task as well. Remember, too, that no brush can reach round that hidden "S" bend where disease germs may lurk and breed. To be sure — perfectly sure — that your lavatory bowl is thoroughly clean at all times, use Harpic every night.

Specially made  
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**HARPIC**

1. Cleans round the "S" bend. 2. Disinfects. 3. Deodorizes.  
4. Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls.

## Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

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mountain climb, and had tumbled and rolled all the way to the bottom, only to sit up slightly bruised, dishevelled, and laughing. She felt very much like laughing out loud.

She knew that the one sensible thing to do now was to leave the party. In a few minutes, without persuasion, without drama, without argument, without any perceptible stages, the estrangement of almost a year was gone. She was open to Noel again, and she was slightly drunk. She walked out of the living-room, careful of her steadiness.

Milton Schwartz was in the foyer. "Hello, do you still remember me?"

"Of course."

"Right. You've been drinking champagne, haven't you? Let me get you another glass."

"One thing I don't need at this point is more champagne, thank you."

"Well, come with me while I get another highball, then. I want to talk to you, really I do. I'm dying to."

"Why, sure, but it's hardly worth dying for. I'm leaving in a minute, anyway."

They passed Noel in a circle of guests, all talking at him, the women staring and smiling hungrily. Mrs. Lemberg had her arm through his.

Milton Schwartz said to the bar-attendant, "One Scotch and soda, and one champagne."

"I said no."

"Well, hold it in your hand, then. Marjorie, I — listen, maybe this sounds crazy, but . . . well, the best way I can put it is, I have a feeling I've known you for a long time, and am going to know you a lot longer. I want to ask you whether you've had anything like the same feeling, or whether I'm off in the clouds. This is a very crazy and stupid question, I grant you."

She wondered whether she was in some hyper-amorous mood worked up by wine and a wedding. Schwartz seemed attractive to her, too. Two men could hardly have looked more different than Milton Schwartz and Noel Airman. Schwartz was dark, almost moon-faced, of middle height, and broad-shouldered. Marjorie had decided long ago that if ever she fell in love again it would have to be with a tall, lean blond man; Noel had made that figure the type of masculinity for her. On an impulse she drank half the champagne in her glass.

"All right. It's a leading question, and impertinent and unfair and all that. But I'll answer it. I really don't remember dancing with you. But I think I'll remember you after this evening."

"How well do you know that writer?" Schwartz inclined his head towards the living-room.

"Very well, if it's any business of yours."

"I'm jealous," Schwartz said. "Not that he scares me, but I surmise he's had rather a head start."

"Have you had a lot to drink? It seems so."

"Quite a lot. Usually I don't drink much. But I don't think it shows. In fact, I listen to myself talk to you and I'm amazed. And pleased. I hope you are."

"Well, I'm a bit flabbergasted."

"Look, Marjorie, why don't we get out of here? A good heart-to-heart talk between the principals is usually a sound idea. I'll tell you all about myself. It suddenly seems interesting to me, my life story. Maybe we can—"

SCREEEEEEEEEE! A frightful sound blared through the apartment. Marjorie shivered from head to foot, and screamed at Schwartz over the noise, "What's that?" Almost at once the screech changed into a mixed hideous din, as of a

zoo going up in flames—growls, squeals, shrieks, barks, groans, howls. The guests in the dining-room, their eyes dilated with astonishment, swarmed towards the foyer, carrying Marjorie and Schwartz with them. He seized her hand and pulled her deftly through the crowd, using his shoulders like a football player.

"Let's see what it is," he yelled; Marjorie barely heard him over the cataract of horrible clamor.

Schwartz broke through to the living-room, taking Marjorie with him; and they saw at once what was happening. The maniacal bursts of sound were coming from the theremin. Around the black stand the three Packovitch girls were bounding and prancing like circus elephants, trumpeting with laughter. Lou Michaelson was angrily fussing at the control part of the machine.

HEEEEEEE went the theremin — an unendurable scream, exactly like an ocean liner's whistle, not two feet from Marjorie. She clapped her hands to her ears and ran out of the room.

All at once, as suddenly as it had begun, the racket stopped dead. Marjorie looked back in surprise into the living-room and saw Milton Schwartz crawling on his hands and knees from behind a sofa. Schwartz called, "Lou, the thing just plugs in the wall like a vacuum cleaner. I pulled the plug, that's all." The guests broke into raucous cheers; they clustered around Schwartz, shaking his hand and slapping his back, as he got to his feet and dusted his knees.

Noel appeared at Marjorie's side, holding her coat and his own over one arm, and extending a package of cigarettes. "Here. No doubt you can use one of these."

"What—"

"Take it. And let's get out of this crazy house before the walls fall in or the floor starts wobbling. I'm getting the horrors."

She found herself out in the hallway, lighting the cigarette. He was ringing for the elevator. She was very glad to be out of the Michaelson apartment; then she thought of Milton Schwartz. "Now just a second, Noel. Where do you think you're taking me? I didn't say I'd go out with you—"

"I didn't offer to take you out. I can't. I'm busy. I presume you want to go home, however. And not alone, in this downpour."

The elevator door slid open. She hung back, and he glanced at her, raising an eyebrow. But she was too tired, too shaken, too giddy to take the trouble to argue with him and return to the Michaelson apartment. She stepped into the elevator.

Merely walking from the doorway of the El Dorado to the cab, they got wet; the wind was driving gusts of rain under the canopy. It felt very snug to settle in the back seat of a heated taxi beside Noel; snug and familiar. The taxi smelled of rain, and their clothes smelled damp, too. The driver said, "Where to, Mac?"

Noel looked at her, then at his wrist-watch. "How anxious are you to go home?"

"Extremely anxious. I've never been through anything so exhausting."

"If you're interested, the final dress rehearsal of 'Princess Jones' starts in half an hour. Why don't you come and watch it for a while?"

Marjorie felt very much as though she were on the horse which had bolted with her in Central Park when she was

seventeen. She was with Noel Airman again, despite everything; with him again, and being carried along by events in the old uncontrolled way. Yet how could she have refused to see the dress rehearsal of "Princess Jones"? She took some comfort in observing that if it was a victory for him, he seemed unaware of it. He was sunk in abstracted silence.

She said, "I guess I'll never stop being amazed by you."

"What now?" he said rather wearily.

"How can you be so unconcerned about your first Broadway show? Here it was the afternoon of your dress rehearsal all the time, and I didn't know it. Nobody could have guessed. You were just ambling around that party, eating, drinking, carefree as a bird. You're really one for the books, Noel Airman."

He shrugged. "I'm not in the least unconcerned. I'd probably sing like a wire if you touched me. But what's the use? We had a knock-down conference until four o'clock. There were three dead hours to kill, I knew you'd be at the wedding, so . . . He sank into silence again, smoking. Rain flooded the closed windows of the cab, smearing and running almost like a thrown bucket of water.

After a minute or so she said, "I'm really terrifically tired. But this is one temptation I can't resist. I'd like to watch the first act, anyway — see how you've changed it—"

"Stay as long as you like," Noel said. "We're running straight through. If it doesn't bore you, I hope you'll watch the whole thing. I'd like very much to know what you think of it."

"My opinion isn't worth anything."

"On the contrary. You're the New York audience in miniature. And you're probably as familiar as anybody with all the different versions I've done. Your comments will be very valuable, I imagine."

When the cab stopped at the stage door of the theatre, he turned to her with a slight wistful smile. "Well, here we go, darling. I guarantee you there's no theremin in it, anyway." She nervously laughed, and darted with him through the rain into the stage entrance.

Beautiful girls in frilly crimson costumes, with heavily painted faces like dolls, were bustling up and down the iron-grille staircase. Noel led her to the dressing-rooms and introduced her to the stars, who were fussing with their make-up at lamp-bordered mirrors. They all called Noel by his first name, chatted with him as equals, laughed at his jokes, and treated Marjorie charmingly. The leading lady, the best-known performer in the cast, was especially pleasant to her. She had a hard business-like manner, but despite the heavy make-up she was marvellously pretty, with eyes inhumanly large and blue in rims of black paint.

Marjorie was entranced. The

To page 53





excited chatter, the tension in the perfumed air backstage, the over-painted faces, the kindergarten colors of the costumes, gave her a feeling of walking in fairyland.

The theatre itself was dark and chilly, the rows of empty seats very bleak. A few people sat huddled in overcoats here and there in the orchestra. Musicians in sweaters or coats, most of them needing shaves, were tuning their instruments in the pit. Noel put her in a seat in the middle of the fifth row, and went off to talk to the producer in the front row.

Marjorie sat working a handkerchief in her hands, contrasting this rare moment with the many times she had sat in this same theatre, one of a crowd of paying customers, looking at this same dusty-grey curtain decorated with rococo knights and ladies, before the start of a play. She saw the others puffing cigarettes, so she lit one. Smoking in the forbidden pale of a theatre orchestra heightened her dizzied sense of privilege. Mrs. Lemberg, in a bulky mink coat, came down the aisle and joined the producer.

The curtain suddenly went up on a quaint, lovely setting of a European village square, covered with snow and decorated for Christmas. Stage hands in dirty overalls were pushing an unsteady painted fir tree into place, hoarsely yelling at each other.

For a few minutes Noel, the producer, the dance director, and the set-designer took turns commenting on the placing of the tree. A decision was reached, the tree was secured in place, and the curtain came down.

"Like the set?" Noel said, returning to her.

"Why, it couldn't be more beautiful. I never pictured anything so elaborate."

"Ferris brought a new kid from Hollywood to do the sets and costumes. They're superb, I think."

The musicians brassily struck up the overture; the curtain rose again; the setting was masked now by a gorgeous curtain, purple, red, and gold, in a cubistic pattern. Marjorie involuntarily touched Noel's arm; she had not been so keyed up in her life. "Good luck," she whispered.

Three hours went by like so many minutes.

"Princess Jones" from the first moment to the last seemed to her a rich winning fantasy; a waterfall of color, splendor, laughter, and charm. Everything about it was magical: the elegant settings, the spill of lovely costumes, the swirling crowds of dancers, the melting music, the bright, light-hearted comedy scenes. She knew the story, of course, and all the jokes, and all the songs.

The show had not been changed very much from the last version Noel had showed her. But it was electrifying to see Noel's brain-child fleshed out and brilliantly alive—peopled, colored, danced, sung, a living thing, a Broadway show. The first dress rehearsal, according to Noel, had been very disorderly, but the troubles seemed to have been ironed out; the show unreeled as on an opening night.

When the curtain came down on the finale, a blazing whirl of color and sound—a waltz of the whole company in the grand ballroom of the palace, with the plot all unravelled and the lovers all paired off, a faintly mocking but gay end to the satiric fable—when the orchestra trumpeted a massive crescendo, and the descending curtain cut off the enchanting vision—Marjorie couldn't contain herself. She seized Noel's hand and pressed it hard. He turned to her, his eyes glittering in the glow from the footlights.

But before she could speak a word, in the first instant of

## Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

[from page 52]

silence after the final chord from the band, the producer called over in a bored voice. "Noel, did you do anything about the new duet?" Noel left her with a nod and a smile to acknowledge her little applauding gesture with gloved hands.

He returned in a few minutes. "We're all going up to my hotel to talk. Come along."

"Oh, no, thanks. It's a great show, Noel, it'll be a terrific hit. Thanks for letting me see it. I'll go home—"

"Are you so very tired? Peter asked me to bring you along."

"Well, if—who's going?"

"Well, Peter, of course, and the dance director, and the dialogue director, and the orchestra leader—there'll be about half a dozen of us. We have Chinese food sent up at these night sessions, and coffee. It's fun. We get a lot of work done, too. You can leave whenever you want, I'll put you in a cab—"

"Is Mrs. Lemberg going?"

"Of course."

"Well, I won't be the only female, anyway, then. Sure, I'd love to."

With five men and Mrs. Lemberg crowded in the limousine, Marjorie felt fairly safe going to Noel's hotel. Peter Ferris, the producer, was a remarkably handsome man, younger than Noel. His grace and his smooth manner reminded Marjorie of her actor friends; but unlike them he seemed to possess sharp intelligence. He cross-examined Marjorie about the show in a good-humored, brisk way, and her answers pleased him.

"This girl's not only charming and pretty, she knows the theatre," he said to Noel. "You'd better marry her."

"That's what she says."

Marjorie blushed to her ears, everyone laughed, and Noel gave her a hug. The discussion of the show went on.

Marjorie made a much-appreciated contribution early in the conference at Noel's suite. A new comic song was needed, everyone had agreed, shortly before the end of the second act. The men were trying to think of a topic for the song; they were sprawled around the room—on the couch, across chairs, on the floor, in their shirt-sleeves, some with shoes off. Mrs. Lemberg meantime placidly played solitaire on a coffee table.

The silence grew long. Marjorie worked up her courage, and bashfully remarked to Noel that he might be able to use a certain duet from one of the old South Wind revues. Noel frowned, then jumped up and walked to the spinet piano.

"I'd completely forgotten that one. Listen to it, Peter. It might work, at that. Do you remember the words, Marge?" Marjorie remembered every word of every song of Noel's. She went to the piano and sang, acting out both parts with gestures and dance steps from Noel's original staging.

They gave her a little round of applause.

"Let's put her in the show, she's better than the leading lady we've got," Ferris said. "Noel, I think it's good. The words need some work, but let's try it. Marjorie, I appoint you permanent staff consultant on the contents of Noel's trunk. Let's have a drink on it."

Noel had just finished pouring very dark-looking highballs over the pad. She stared at him, and after a second or two she said, "What on earth is the matter with me? It's gone clean out of my head."

"What!"

"Every word of it. Clean gone."

"Marge, you sang it from beginning to end an hour ago. 'I don't know what's happened. Amnesia, I guess.'"

and with his collar open, said, "Thanks, Peter, I'll throw on a tie and take the lady to her door myself."

"You needn't bother. I'll go with them," Marjorie said, starting to get out of a low armchair.

"Nonsense, stay where you are. I'll get a reputation as a cad," Noel said.

The others said goodbye. Mrs. Lemberg was the last to go. She hesitated a moment in the hallway, looked from Noel to Marjorie, then laughed and said in a kind but faintly metallic tone, "Don't work too hard, Noel. Goodbye, Marjorie dear." The cynical twang in a voice so much like her mother's stung Marjorie. She pushed herself out of the chair, but Mrs. Lemberg had already closed the door.

Noel went into the bedroom, and came out a few moments later sliding a maroon tie under his collar. He said nothing.



He seemed embarrassed. He knotted the tie at a mirror in the hallway. Marjorie walked up and down the living-room, not very aware of what she was doing.

Noel said from the hallway, "Well, was it fun?"

"I loved it. Thanks for inviting me."

"You were very helpful."

"That old duet just crossed my mind. Lucky."

"Tired?"

"Not at all, strangely. I suppose I'll collapse once I take my clothes off."

"Like another drink before we go?" He was putting on his tweed jacket.

"I—no, thanks, I'd better not. I swear I'm becoming a drunkard."

"Sure? There's plenty of soda and ice."

"No thanks. I'd better go home." She glanced at her watch. "Ye gods. How did it get to be this time?"

He said, "I'll probably work on that number when I come back. I've never been more wide awake. How about writing down the words for me before we go?"

"I'll be glad to, but look, Noel, I can go home by myself after that. You have too much to do."

"Forget it. I like your company, you fool, don't you know that?" He took a pencil and a yellow pad from the piano. "Will you dictate the words? It's marvellous how you remember that junk. I've written reams of it, but the words never stick with me, just the melodies."

Marjorie sat beside him on the sofa. He poised the pencil over the pad. She stared at him, and after a second or two she said, "What on earth is the matter with me? It's gone clean out of my head."

"What!"

"Every word of it. Clean gone."

"Marge, you sang it from beginning to end an hour ago. 'I don't know what's happened. Amnesia, I guess.'"

She shook her head violently. "Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. Is it nerves? Or what? I can't even think of the first lines, Noel."

"Well I remember those—She was chic, her smile was winning."

It was a very gay beginning—

Marjorie stammered and groped for the words. "Maybe if you play the music again—"

Noel went to the piano, giving her the pencil and pad. As soon as he played a few measures, the verses came to her in a rush. She shouted them aloud in relief, and scribbled them down, laughing. "Whew! I was beginning to think I'd lost my mind."

"You'd better have that drink, after all."

"I believe I will."

She lounged at the piano, picking out the melody with one finger. He brought the drinks and sat beside her on the bench. "Not a bad little piano, is it? Rented."

"It reminds me of the one in Sam Rothmore's office."

She opened her eyes, and laughed. "What's that one? 'Moon Madness,' isn't it?"

"Right."

"First song of yours I ever heard. You were rehearsing it the night Marsha and I sneaked over from the girls' camp. Remember?"

He looked up at her, grinning as he played. "I thought you were a pleasant-looking child."

"I thought you were Apollo."

Do you still have that black sweater? I hated the blonde who sang that number, because Marsha said she was your girl. Now I can't remember her name."

"Neither can I."

She reached down and struck his hands from the keyboard, as he modulated to another melody. "Don't play that."

He was wryly amused. "Really? After all this time?"

"Oh, well. You're right. I can't walk around forever afraid of a song. Play the thing."

She turned away, arms folded, and went to the window. The clouds were gone. It was a glittering starry moonlit night. The buildings were all dark, save for a spot of yellow window here and there. The moon on the Hudson was very like the moon on the lake at South Wind. He was playing the waltz.

The terrible night came back to her, as real as the room; the smell of the dewy trees, the splash of the fountain, and Samson-Aaron lying on the grass. She gritted her teeth, faced Noel, and laughed.

"Surprisingly, I don't mind it after all. Nothing like getting these things out of your system. I believe I'll go home."

He slid his fingers along the keyboard, came to her; he put his arms around her shoulders. They looked out at the moonlight together. He stared at the sky, craning his neck, and then pointed at the moon.

"Yes, of course. I clean forgot. I think it's starting. There's an eclipse of the moon tonight, the paper said. Look at the left side of that moon, will you? Isn't it getting sort of dark red and queer?"

"I thought the moon blacked out in an eclipse," Marjorie said, peering in awe at the discolored moon. "I've never seen an eclipse of the moon."

Noel smiled. "It can't black out. The earth's air diffuses the sunlight. You just get a dull red color."

"Walking encyclopedia," Marjorie said. "Well, this is the opportunity of a lifetime, isn't it? Perfect view, perfect night. Let's watch the eclipse, by all means."

"It takes a couple of hours, dear."

Marjorie laughed. "How long before it's total d'you suppose?"

"I don't know. Quarter, half-hour, maybe."

"Well, why don't you just go and rewrite your duet? I'll watch till it's total, maybe. If I get bored I'll go home."

Noel returned to the piano. For about ten minutes he played fragments of the melody and scrawled on the pad. Marjorie sat on the arm of a chair, looking out at the eclipse. The coppery color crawled very slowly across the face of the moon. Now and then she glanced at Noel. Sometimes she found his eyes on her. She finished her drink and put down the glass. He stood. "I'll get you another."

"Positively not. Eclipse is getting there, all right. I'll have a cigarette, and then I'll go home. And you're not taking me home, either. I'll leave you to wrestle with the muse."

He brought her a cigarette, lit it, and embraced her waist with one arm. She leaned against him. They looked at the dulling moon, his cheek against her hair. After a while he said in a troubled voice, "Pretty slow kind of show, at that, an eclipse of the moon."

"It does lack something in the way of entertainment," Marjorie said, her voice shaking, too.

He turned her around by the shoulders. It was a terrific release to kiss Noel. She broke away from him long enough to murmur, "It's been a very, very long time, hasn't it?" They kissed again, with more passion.

Without a word he went to the hallway, and came back with her coat. "No doubt I'm being an imbecile, I'm throwing you out. Here's your coat. I love you. Good-night. See you soon."

Marjorie slowly smiled, and shrugged. She started to put one arm into a sleeve. Then the coat was on the floor, and Noel was straining her to him until only her toes touched the floor. After kissing her furiously on the mouth, the eyes, the ears, the forehead, he said, "You don't exactly want me to work, do you?"

She said something, she didn't know what. He was leading her by the hand to the sofa, and she was following.

At one point, as they necked—she was quite defenceless against him, and quite without desire to defend herself—she murmured, "What about the red-headed chorus girl? Isn't she all you want?"

He said, "If you mean a kid

To page 55

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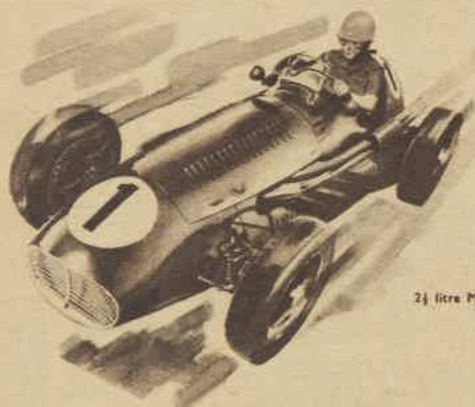


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named Carol, I took her over to dinner with Marsha and Lou. She's not quite you, unfortunately. That's always the trouble."

Soon they sat up. He took her face in his hands, kissed her on the mouth, and said huskily, "Well, now, Marjorie, my dear sweet love, this isn't what grown people do, is it? You've grown up, haven't you, at long last? I wonder. I think you have. Have you grown up?"

They stared at each other for a very long time. Marjorie's gesture at last was not even a nod: it was a slight, a very slight, ashamed dip of the head. It didn't seem to her she would move; it happened. Then she tossed her head and laughed. "If you really think it's such a good idea."

He said, his face flushed and eager, "I've always thought so."

"You devil. You've always known I would, too."

He stood and pulled her up by a hand. When he took a step towards the bedroom she held back; then she followed him.

Something happened at the bedroom door when he snapped on the light. It might have been the sight of the bed piled with papers, or of the open bathroom door, it might have been that the overhead bedroom lights glared after the indirect glow in the living-room and shocked her eyes.

The mood broke. She stood leaning in the doorway, while he agitatedly cleared away the books, scripts, and papers on the bed. He seemed comical to her in his excitement, as other men usually did, even though he was Noel: comical and boyish.

He tumbled the collected stuff in a heap in a chair, and turned to her. His arms dropped to his sides. "What's so funny, my love?"

She said, "You, my love."

The smile faded from her face. She saw now something she had not noticed for a year and a half. She saw that his left arm hung crookedly. He held out his arms and came towards her. She said hur-

## Continuing . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 53

riedly, "Do you have a robe? Let me have it."

He gave her a yellow and red silk robe. She went into the bathroom, and as she closed the door she heard him kick off his shoes.

She looked at herself in the full-length mirror on the back of the door, in the white glare of the bathroom, and wondered in a vague way whether this girl she saw before her, Marjorie Morgenstern, this girl in the familiar blue dress with the grey trim, was really about to take off that dress in a man's apartment. She felt detached, cold, and amused. Her teeth kept baring in a smile. She took off her shoes and then pulled off the dress over her head in the same way she always took it off before going to sleep.

Habit was so strong that she wanted to remove her smeared make-up. But this seemed too cool and methodical a thing to do. She wondered how much of her clothing it was proper to take off. The question was, what was decently indecent for a girl of twenty-one doing this for the first time? She kept on her slip, and hugged the robe around her as she combed her hair with his big black comb.

Regretting that she hadn't brought her purse in with her, she considered dashing out and getting it, because she really needed powder and a touch of lipstick. But she was sure Noel would be offended at her appearing and disappearing again. Obviously she was to emerge, throw herself into his eager arms, and abandon all to love.

The trouble was that she hadn't the faintest desire to do it. She was, she supposed, scared; how scared, she wasn't sure. Mainly she was out of the mood. She couldn't have been less in the mood had she been in the middle of baking a cake. She thought of taking a shower, pleading sudden fatigue, and going home. But in plain fact she was too embarrassed at the idea of

backing out. All her reasonable objections to sleeping with Noel were gone.

If she could have thought of a good argument against it she might have come out of the bathroom and argued with him, even at this point, and argued herself inviolate back into her clothes and out of his apartment. She couldn't think of a reason. An appeal to morality was nonsense. She couldn't say she didn't love him; not after her performance on the sofa. Nor could she demand a guarantee of marriage, having started up with him again of her own accord, knowing full well how he felt, and what he was.

She knew she shouldn't have come to the dress rehearsal. She shouldn't have come to the hotel suite. She shouldn't have lingered—this was fatal—after the others had left. She shouldn't have responded so readily to the first kiss in a year. She shouldn't have used the coy excuse of staying to watch the eclipse. She shouldn't have gone to the sofa with him. But she had done these things.

She pictured herself putting her clothes back on, emerging from the bathroom, and announcing, "Sorry, I've changed my mind, dear. I'm going home. Please forgive me."

It was a temptation. It was much more of a temptation, actually, than getting into a bed with Noel Airman. She could have forgone that with the greatest ease. But the thought of announcing a change of mind made her feel like a fool. She could do it; but she feared she might actually forfeit Noel for ever. He wouldn't be likely to forgive such childish inconsistency and whimsy at this point. He had been all too patient with her too long. It might well be the end.

She didn't want an end with Noel. She wanted him for her husband. The estrangement of

a year seemed never to have existed. Reality was only being with him, with Noel Airman, and life was most real when this lean, blond, clever man was holding her and kissing her. That was as certain as the night outside the windows. She had no other certainty to cling to. All other certainties had faded or eroded away in growing up; or she had been talked out of them; or she had read books that had disintegrated them.

The certainty that there was anything, praiseworthy in vir-

If you marry for love, you will have some very happy days and probably some very uneasy ones; if you marry for money, you will have no happy days and probably no uneasy ones.

—Lord Chesterfield

ginity had long since been ridiculed out of her. There was nothing to believe in, except that she loved Noel and wanted him. If her only chance of getting him was to sleep with him—and Marsha was right to that extent, things were at that stand between them, and had been for a year—so be it! She would pass through this tunnel somehow and look for daylight on the other side. Fighting it off longer was pointless.

She put her hand on the door-knob and saw herself in the mirror, barefoot, her hair combed loosely to her shoulders, in the ludicrously big man's robe through which the pink of her slip peeked. She wrapped the robe close around her and tied the cord. She stood and stared for a few seconds at the mirror.

She had a race of last thoughts. What had plunged her over the line so suddenly

and so finally? Marsha's tirade? The theremin, which had given him an excuse to hold her and hug her, and then to kidnap her from the wedding? The enchantment of "Princess Jones," the knowledge that it probably would make him rich and well known?

It wasn't one thing. She had been working towards this moment for two years, like an asteroid moving to collide with a comet.

What of her mother, her father? What of Seth? How would it feel after this to go home, to sleep in bed in a room in her family's apartment?

She snapped off the light and opened the door.

At first she could see nothing but a glowing cigarette in the gloom. It made a red arc in the darkness and went out, and Noel's voice said, "Hi, darling. I was beginning to think you'd found a fire-escape."

She went to the bed and sat on the edge. She could see him dimly now in the faint light from the window. It startled her to see that he wore pyjamas. She untied the robe, threw it off, and got into the bed beside him. It was all very clumsy. Her movements were hurried, his were uncertain. They kissed awkwardly and unsatisfactorily. Then somehow they settled down.

"You love me?" she said.

"Yes."

"Do you suppose we'll ever be married?"

"I don't know, Marjorie. I just don't know. If it has to happen, it will."

"You love me more than you know. You're going to marry me. You'll be a wonderful wretch of a husband, and we'll be the two happiest people in the world."

"You think so?"

"I know it."

"Okay, darling. Maybe you can read fate. I've never loved anyone the way I love you. That, I know."

She wanted to kiss him then. For a while it was tender and sweet.

Then all changed. It became rough and strange. She tried

to seem pleasant and loving, but she was very uncomfortable and unhappy.

Noel said, "All right, darling."

"Just fine," she answered, trying not to sound sick.

"The cigarettes are there on the night table. Toss me one, honey."

She groped on the table. Instinctively she reached for the lamp cord and pulled it. Blinking in the blaze of light, holding the blanket to her bosom, she saw that she had knocked over the drinking-glass. The pieces lay glittering on the marble top of the table.

"Well, that's fine," she said. "We're supposed to break a glass, aren't we? Only you should have done it with your heel, I guess. Good luck, darling."

His lipstick-smeared face, white and tired, with the hair falling over his forehead, took on a pained alarmed look. She said hurriedly, "Sweetheart, that was a joke. Smile, for heaven's sake."

He smiled. "Let's have the cigarettes."

She passed the pack to him. With her first puff she leaned back and sighed. Her glance went to the window. The moon hung in the sky over the buildings, a solid disc of reddish bronze, without a trace of white. "Well, bless me," she said, pointing. "Look, the eclipse is total. I got to see one, after all. Makes it easy to remember this night, doesn't it, darling?"

"Marjorie," Noel said, in a strained tone. "I would appreciate it just as much if you weren't quite so brave and pathetic about all this. I love you."

She looked at him, smiling, while tears came from nowhere and ran down her face in streams. "Why, darling, I wasn't being pathetic. I'm very glad. I love you, too."

She put her face in the pillow. The tears were pouring; she could not possibly stop them, and she was ashamed of herself because she was crying.

To be continued

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# Old Fashioned Christmas

By Our Food & Cookery Experts

Turkey, baked to a delicious brown tenderness, and plum pudding, rich and moist with fruit and spices, are old-fashioned favorites which everywhere say "It's Christmas."

NEW styles and new ways add interest to everyday occasions, but for traditional festivities such as Christmas, time-tested recipe favorites come into their own.

Poultry and plum pudding are the most important items on the Christmas dinner menu. Here we give recipes for both dishes, and for a luscious fruit trifle, a soup, and a refreshing fruit cocktail to start.

All spoon measurements are level.

## CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU

Fruit cocktail  
Soup Duchesse  
Roast turkey with cranberry sauce  
Baked potatoes and pumpkin  
Green peas  
Plum pudding with hard sauce  
Festive trifle  
Assorted fruits and nuts

### FRUIT COCKTAIL

Beginning with small portions of fruit salad served in tall glasses gives festive zest to any Christmas dinner.

Half-cup diced papaw,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup diced pineapple,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup diced peach,  $\frac{1}{4}$  grapefruit, frosted mint leaves, a few glace cherries or strawberries.

Mix papaw, pineapple, and diced peach. Remove skin and white pith from grapefruit, cut segments into pieces about the same size as the other chopped fruits. Mix well together, chill 1 hour. Pile into glasses, decorate with frosted mint leaves and cherry or strawberry.

### SOUP DUCHESSE

A smooth cream soup with egg-yolks and a light flavoring of cheese. Serve small portions only.

One tablespoon butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 3 cups milk, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cream or evaporated milk, chopped chives, salt, pepper.

Melt butter or substitute, add chopped onion and saute 6 to 8 minutes without browning. Stir in flour and mix well. Gradually add milk and cook gently until onion is soft. Rub through a coarse strainer. Combine cheese, egg-yolks, and cream or evaporated milk. Add to soup, season with salt and pepper, heat for 2 minutes without allowing to boil. Sprinkle thickly with chopped chives before serving.

### ROAST TURKEY

A satisfying and appetizing seasoning makes the turkey even more delicious. It goes further, too!

Two ounces melted butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons chopped onion, 8 to 10 cups breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon paprika,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon nutmeg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped walnuts, 1 lb. pork-sausage meat, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs.

Saute onion in butter or substitute for 3 minutes. Add to breadcrumbs, then add parsley, celery, salt, paprika, nutmeg, walnuts, sausage meat and lemon rind. Mix well, adding beaten eggs little at a time. Fill into



CHRISTMAS DINNER. Fruit cocktail, roast turkey with sausage-and-celery seasoning, plum pudding with hard sauce, festive trifle, and fruits and nuts complete the menu above. Detailed recipes this page.

### SAME-DAY CHRISTMAS PUDDING

This economical pudding is less rich than the conventional Christmas pudding, but compares favorably with it in appearance and flavor.

Six ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup raisins, 2oz. finely shredded peel,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup warm water, 3oz. butter or substitute, almond essence,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brandy, trinkets or three-pences as desired.

Sift flour, salt, and spice well.

Add prepared fruits and sugar.

Dissolve soda in warm water, add melted butter or substitute, and a few drops almond essence. Pour into dry ingredients, add brandy, and mix well. Fold in trinkets or three-pences. Wring a pudding-cloth out in very hot water, sprinkle lightly with flour. Place pudding mixture in centre, gather edges up and tie tightly, leaving a little space for swelling. Plunge into rapidly boiling water, boil 2 to 3 hours. Serve with sauce or ice-cream. Pudding may be steamed in a basin.

### FESTIVE TRIFLE

Strawberry jam, sherry, crushed coconut macaroons, rich custard, and jelly help to make this attractive trifle taste as good as it looks.

One sponge roll, strawberry jam, sherry, 4 or 5 coconut macaroons,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint rich custard,  $\frac{1}{4}$  packet strawberry jelly,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint whipped cream, sliced peaches, cherries to decorate, blanched almonds or walnuts.

Cut sponge roll into slices about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick. Cut slices in halves and place cut edge down around sides of serving-dish. Cover base of dish with slices of sponge roll. Spread cake with strawberry jam, moisten with sherry. Sprinkle with crushed macaroons. Pour cooled custard over, allow to become cold, then place in refrigerator or ice-chest 1 hour. Dissolve jelly; when cold and beginning to thicken spoon over custard and allow to set. Decorate with peaches, cream, cherries, and chopped walnuts.

Rich Custard: Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup castor sugar, 2 egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint milk, 2 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla.

Melt butter, add flour, cook over low heat 2 or 3 minutes, but do not allow it to brown. Add milk, stir until boiling. Cool slightly, add sugar, egg-yolk, cream or evaporated milk, and vanilla.

### HARD SAUCE

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sifted icing sugar, 1 glass brandy.

Cream the butter and sugar with a wooden spoon until creamy and fluffy. Add the brandy a little at a time and beat lightly until smoothly mixed. Chill.

## LONG, COOL DRINKS to serve with a slice of cake

WHEN friends and neighbors call to wish you season's greetings it is good hostessing to have long, cool drinks on hand to offer with a wedge of Christmas cake.

Crushed ice or ice-blocks, a sprig of fresh mint, a cherry or a slice of lemon make an attractive trimming for summer drinks and add to the flavor.

### GINGER ALE CUP

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 6 oranges, 6 lemons, 1 quart chilled ginger ale.

Combine sugar and water, boil for 5 minutes. When cold, add the juice of oranges and lemons and a thin strip of both orange

and lemon rind. Chill well. Just before serving add the ginger ale. Makes about 2 quarts.

### MINTED ICED TEA

For each cupful of boiling water allow  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons good tea. Make the tea in the usual way, and almost immediately add 1 dozen crushed mint leaves for each cup of water. Allow to stand 5 minutes, strain and chill. Into each serving-glass place a spoonful of lemon ice, fill up with iced tea, and garnish with a sprig of mint.

Lemon Ice: Mix 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind with 1 cup sugar. Add 2 cups water, pinch salt, scant  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lemon juice. Stir

over heat until sugar is dissolved, then boil for 5 minutes. Turn into refrigerator trays, freeze until very thick, then beat vigorously at intervals during freezing so that the texture is coarse and flaky rather than smooth.

### COFFEE FROST

One cup freshly made strong black coffee (may be made with coffee essence),  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup fresh milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 or 3 tablespoons crushed ice, 2 tablespoons ice-cream, whipped cream.

Mix coffee with milk and vanilla, add crushed ice and ice-cream. Fill into serving-glasses, add a spoonful of whipped cream and serve at once.





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W18

## How

Rheumatism costs Australians millions in hospitalisation and lost wages every year, and so anything you can do to beat Rheumatism is worth while.

Here's an important hint. As soon as you get up in the morning make your bed immediately. Why? Because if you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bedclothes, which become damp, and getting into a damp bed is bad for you.

Next, keep warm all the time. If your work is hard, wear woollens or flannels next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills. No matter how hot conditions may be, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially if there is a wind. So pull on your woollens or flannels while you are still warm. Wear socks in bed, if necessary, to keep your feet warm, and remember that the quickest way to get warm in bed is to lie on your back with legs straight so that your spinal column, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth.

Scientists have found that good food is not enough to protect against Rheumatism, for the body must get supplies of the "trace-elements" that are as important as vitamins. Without these "trace-elements" Rheumatism and other ailments appear, which hang on until these "trace-elements" are replaced.

Many treatments have been tried for Rheumatism, but none have been so consistently successful as Dr. Moseley's Menthoids, which have astounded both observers and sufferers by the results they have achieved in the Rheumatic group of diseases, including fibrositis, sciatica, and many vague cases of ill-health that have been difficult to diagnose accurately.

Menthoids are taken daily to provide the body with these "trace-elements" in tiny dosage. Although Menthoids contain no pain-killing drugs like aspirin or salicylates, the relief from pain and improvement in the patient is astonishing. Many people take two or three Menthoids every morning, but they can be taken at any convenient time to suit the patient.

Menthoids contain no dangerous drugs, and the cost is only about threepence a day for treatment. Many Rheumatic sufferers who have been taking Menthoids for twenty years have been free of Rheumatic trouble ever since they began.

Because these "trace-elements" are not stored in the body, but require

replacement daily, it is necessary to keep taking the daily dose that is contained in Menthoids, and, as a 7.6 flask of Menthoids contains enough for nearly a month's treatment, it is within the reach of everybody to beat Rheumatism.

## Rheumatism

M11

# Christmas cake

• Australia's millionth migrant, Mrs. Barbara Porritt, has given us her Christmas cake recipe.

THIS recipe, which has been tested by our food and cookery experts, will interest Australian housewives.

All spoon measurements in recipes on this page are level.

### CHRISTMAS CAKE

One pound butter, 1lb. sugar, grated rind and juice 1 orange, 10 eggs, 1lb. currants, 2lb. sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 1 pkt. mixed fruit, 1 gill treacle, 1 level teaspoon each nutmeg, spice, ground cloves, and salt, 1 tablespoon caramel, 1lb. mixed peel, 1lb. almonds, 1lb. cherries, 1oz. chopped crystallised ginger, 1lb. self-raising flour, 1lb. plain flour.

Cream butter and sugar with orange rind. Add eggs one at a time, beat well. Add prepared currants, sultanas, raisins, mixed fruit, treacle, spices, salt, orange juice, and caramel. Mix for 5 minutes. Add sifted flour,



SUMMER Christmas is a new experience for Australia's millionth migrant, Mrs. Barbara Porritt, from Yorkshire. Here she prepares her Christmas cake in her kitchen at Newborough, Vic., using Australian dried fruits.

peel, almonds, cherries, and ginger, and mix well. Divide between two 8in. cake-tins, place in slow oven and cook for 1 hour. Place a buttered paper on top and bake 3 hours longer. Remove paper from top, pour some rum or brandy over, and stand for 1 hour before putting away.

### FAMILY DISH

A RICH veal and olive cream is this week's family dish, which costs 7/9 and serves four or five.

#### VEAL AND OLIVE CREAM

One and a half pounds veal steak pieces, thin slice lemon rind, 2 slices onion, few bacon rinds, salt and pepper, 2 sprigs parsley, 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, 1½ tablespoons flour, ½ cup evaporated milk, ½ cup veal stock, 8 to 10 green or black olives, 2 bacon rashers, squeeze lemon juice.

Cut veal into service-sized pieces; place in pressure-cooker or saucepan with water to barely cover, lemon rind, onion, bacon rinds, salt, pepper, and parsley. Pressure cook 20 minutes or simmer in lidded saucepan 1½ hours until tender. Drain, remove lemon and bacon rinds, onion, and parsley, and reserve the ½ cup stock. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, stir until smooth. Cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in evaporated milk, veal stock, and lemon juice. Stir until boiling, fold in veal pieces and chopped olives. Correct seasoning, and serve piping hot with bacon rolls.

### Tony's luxury dish

#### PRAWNS MOCAMBO

"THE prawns for this delicious dish must be freshly caught," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

Two pounds of raw prawns, 2 carrots (shredded), 1½ onions (shredded), 1½ tablespoons chopped chives, 8 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons brandy, 2 cups white wine, 2 tablespoons tomato paste, 2 tablespoons parsley, salt and pepper to taste.

Wash the prawns in water and dry them well. Melt 4 tablespoons of butter in a saucepan, and saute the onions and the carrots and the chives until the onions are tender. Add the prawns. Shake them very frequently while heating. After five to six minutes, add the brandy and ignite. Let it burn for a while, then add the wine, tomato paste, salt and pepper. Cover the saucepan and cook over a high heat for 10 minutes. Remove the prawns with a skimmer and pile them in a pyramid on a hot dish. Skim hot. Boil down the sauce to half the quantity, melt the remaining butter, and add the butter to the sauce. Pour over the prawns and sprinkle with the chopped parsley. For real enjoyment eating these prawns, use the fingers. Serve the dish with crusty French bread to eat with the sauce.

AN economical dinner dish of minced steak wins this week's main prize of £5.

Reliable recipes for Scotch shortbread and fruit chutney win consolation prizes.

All spoon measurements are level.

#### SAVORY BAKED MINCE

Two pounds minced steak, breadcrumb seasoning, sliced onions, four bananas, salt, pepper, 1 to 1½ cups thick brown gravy.

Divide meat into two portions. Press one portion over base of small baking-dish, making a layer about 1in. thick. Cover with a generous layer of breadcrumb seasoning, prepared in the usual way. Add a layer of sliced onions, season with salt and pepper, then add bananas sliced lengthwise. Cover with remaining steak. Place in moderate oven until excess fats melt out of meat, pour off, and then

### PRIZE RECIPES

pour gravy over the meat. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes. Cut into blocks and serve hot.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. M. H. Crosbie, 88 Ryot St., Warrnambool, Vic.

#### FRUIT CHUTNEY

Four ounces dried apples, ½ cup sultanas, 8oz. each prunes and dates, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup white sugar, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon curry powder, salt to taste, 1 dessert-spoon each mustard and ground ginger, 1 teaspoon each ground nutmeg and ground cloves, 2 medium onions.

Soak prunes and apples overnight. Next day strain—place all ingredients except lemon juice and vinegar in preserving-pan and just cover

with water. Cook to the consistency of jam, add vinegar and lemon juice, and cook approximately 20 to 30 minutes longer. Bottle while hot and seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Wilde, 14 Emily St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

#### SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

Half a pound margarine, 1lb. butter, 1lb. castor sugar, 1½lb. plain flour, 1lb. rice flour.

Sift flour, sugar, rice flour. Rub in butter and margarine and knead thoroughly. Roll out and cut into shapes. Prick all over with a fork. Bake in moderate oven for 1 hour. Turn off heat and leave for a further ½ hour, or until pale brown.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss C. McTaggart, "Craigielea," Woodland Ave., Pymble, N.S.W.

New  
STEEDMAN'S  
POWDERS  
Available Everywhere



Welcomed by mothers  
at teething time!

Baby troubled with teeth? Then new Steedman's Powders will bring quick relief! Made to a revised prescription in line with modern medical trends, Steedman's Powders safely restore regularity to baby's system when it's upset, feverish or constipated. Steedman's Powders are available everywhere.

P156



JUST TELL THE WIFE

to buy FORD PILLS

in the larger economy

Family size, and

get over twice

the quantity

for only 5/6

EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

What every woman  
should know about  
TAMPAX

Tampax was invented by a famous doctor more than 20 years ago. And because it is, so obviously, the sanest, most comfortable and most hygienic form of sanitary protection, it is the choice to-day of many millions of fashionable women throughout the world. Worn internally, without belts or pins, Tampax gives you undreamed-of personal freedom, confidence and peace of mind. Not only does it provide superior protection, but every TAMPAX is supplied with its own individual applicator of such perfect design that correct, hygienic use is simply achieved. With Tampax there's no chafing, no offending and disposal is so easy, too! There are two absorbencies: Regular (normal) and Super (extra absorbent, extra safe). In fairness to yourself—why not try it?



Write to-day  
for a free  
sample to:—

The Nurse, Dept. W.W. World Agencies  
Pty. Ltd., Box 3728, G.P.O., Sydney, 3  
(Enclose 3d. in loose stamps for postage.)

Name

Address

Please send me a sample of Regular/  
Super Tampax in a plain wrapper.  
Mark absorbency required.





## DAYLIGHT ROBBERY AFOOT!

Better watch it, Sunshine. There's a baby bushranger with his eye on those Kellogg's Corn Flakes! Even little Ned Kellys in baggy pants know that nothing smells so good . . . nothing tastes so good . . . nothing is so good as Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Smart mothers know it, too, which is another reason why more and

more families are getting off to a wonderful start these mornings with big rustling-crisp bowls of the world's favourite breakfast cereal. Your family, too, we hope — starting tomorrow? (Kellogg's Corn Flakes, served with milk, sugar, fruit and toast, will supply a third of their food requirements for the entire day!)

**FASTEST ENERGY BREAKFAST EVER SERVED —**  
ready on the table quick as you can say "Kellogg's Corn Flakes"! No cooking . . . no coaxing . . . and no greasy washing-up.



CF-G



# Children's play space

By Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

Peter James (the name is mine) has always been keen on sport. For years he nursed the ambition of having his own tennis court for his two boys.

MR. JAMES asked me to locate the house on his site plan to allow room for a court, which he intended to build himself.

An inspection of the levels and contours of the land revealed that he had underestimated the area needed for a tennis court.

To provide the minimum space for a court on the limited level area available the house would have to be on steep ground to the extreme rear of the block.

"This will mean extra costs for foundation work," said Mr. James glumly, "and, to be quite frank, I can't afford it."

"It looks as though the court idea will have to be shelved."

"Did you want the court as a source of income?" I inquired.

"No, the idea was mainly to make the boys sport-conscious and to encourage them to bring their friends home. I prefer them to stay at home to play, and something like this would have been an inducement."

"Assuming that the house were built on the flat ground, there would be a space of at least 60ft. by 30ft. which would be suitable for a number of games for adults and children," I replied.

## Badminton

"TAKE badminton, for instance, or shuttlecock, as some people call it. The game can be strenuous, exciting, and most spectacular to watch."

"The actual space necessary for a regulation full-size doubles badminton court is 44ft. by 20ft. Allowing for space around the court, the 60ft. by 30ft. available would be quite adequate, and about a quarter of the area necessary for tennis."

"That would be just the shot," said Mr. James. "What do you need for the game?"

"A level stretch of lawn and a couple of removable timber net posts allow the area to be used for other games as well."

"You save the cost of high fencing, and the appearance of the court when not in use is that of any level yard."

"Lines can be set out exactly as for a lawn tennis court with whitewash, or with plastic lines which can be varied to suit other games."

"What other games would suit this area?" asked Mr. James.

"A deck tennis court is 40ft. by 18ft. for doubles, and can be quite good fun."

"Paddle tennis is another game that is very popular in

supervised children's playgrounds. The court itself is 39ft. by 18ft., so there will be ample space for the game."

"Paddle tennis? That's a new one to me. How is it played?"

"It's a reduced version of tennis played with wooden racquets that any handyman could make."

"Children love the game, and young children become far more proficient at it than at tennis because the flight of the ball is slower and the racquets easier to handle."

"I have seen games played by children that are quite spectacular to watch."

## Volley ball

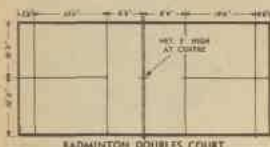
"A REDUCED court for volleyball is possible, and can cater for more players than the other games I've mentioned."

"Later on you may be able to build a wall at one end for squash-handball, which is an invigorating and exciting game for either children or adults."

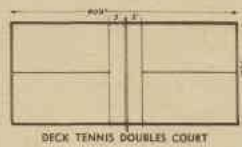
"You must give me the layouts for these courts," said Mr. James. "It looks as though we'll have some organised sport after all."

*Bill McMurray*

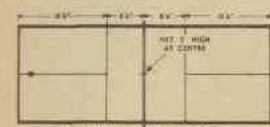
AT LEFT is a diagram of a paddle tennis court. Paddle tennis resembles tennis, but is slower and easier for children. They soon become expert.



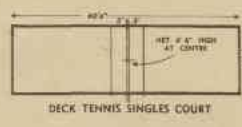
BADMINTON DOUBLES COURT



DECK TENNIS DOUBLES COURT

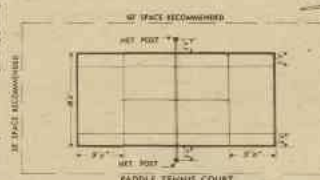


BADMINTON SINGLES COURT



DECK TENNIS SINGLES COURT

DIAGRAMS above give the measurements and layout for badminton doubles and singles courts and deck tennis doubles and singles courts to fit an area of 60ft. x 30ft.



PADDLE TENNIS COURT

## Pre-school children

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

PARENTS usually give loving care and detailed attention to all the factors needed for the good health and development of a child in his first and second year.

With regular meals, supervision of diet, proper exercise, and uninterrupted hours of sleep the child usually has good health.

However, it is after the second year, in what is called the pre-school period, that there is sometimes a falling-off in the careful attention of the first two years.

Irregularity begins to creep into meal-times and hours of sleep. Sweets and undesirable foods are given between meals, and the toddler quite often is allowed to stay up until late.

These things soon begin to interfere with the child's previous good health, and bad

habits often have their beginning in this pre-school period. This is a formative time for the child, and parents should recognise that at this stage their child's growth and development of body and character are affected by his environment.

The importance of building up good bodily and mental health in these pre-school years, and the importance of correct management, proper diet, and regularity in all things, especially in regard to sleep and rest, cannot be stressed too much.

Suggestions for this pre-school period and for well-balanced meals in the two-to-five years period are given in a leaflet which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Miss Precious Minutes says . . .

IN the interests of health and hygiene, the gates and top railings of children's play pens should be washed frequently. Toddlers often press their mouths against the barrier.

WHEN stuffing chicken, duck, or turkey for Christmas, try this easy way to close the opening: Use 2in.-long safety-pins to do the job. Pins are easy to wash with a brush and may be used over and over.

NEVER use hot water to dilute peroxide of hydrogen for bleaching or cleaning purposes. Hot water allows the free oxygen to escape and makes the solution practically useless.

PROTECT fine glassware from extreme and sudden changes of temperature; let ice-cold glasses warm to room temperature before washing; a rubber mat in sink or washing-up dish will guard against chipping; so does a soft cloth on the drainboard. Wash glassware in warm to hot suds, rinse with water a little bit hotter, drain, and dry with a soft cloth. Cut-glass pieces should be washed individually, using a soap brush after drying. Rub with soft tissue to add lustre.

SMALL scratches on the wood floor can be hidden by wax. Rub in direction of grain, using liquid wax and steel-wool.

## SIGNIFICANT MEDICAL FACTS THROW NEW LIGHT ON TODAY'S TENSION AND ITS ASSOCIATED SYMPTOMS.

Worry, strain, stress, headache and nerve pains are symptoms of a health pattern that leads from minor non-specific ills to chronic health disorders. Stress can kill! The Stress of today's tension is mirrored in the faces around you — take positive action to defeat the symptoms before they tear your natural health defences.

'ASPRO' is a specific medicine for the relief of headache and pain and 'ASPRO' acts quickly, surely without harming vital bodily functions.

*Signs of the Times . . .*

**'ASPRO'**  
DOES WHAT IT CLAIMS!

'ASPRO' brings positive and quick relief from headache and pain . . .  
'ASPRO' will help you as it has helped millions. The familiar 'ASPRO' pack is in medicine chests, desk drawers, pockets and handbags the world over.

Nicholas Product

A27/55

When you protect your health the 'ASPRO' way you take positive action against headache, cold and 'flu and the attendant pain of those non-specific ills that affect us all.

**1 out of every 2 people in the world**

. . . in other words 1,000 million people are reached by 'ASPRO' the proven medicine with a definite benefit to mankind.





**BEGINNERS' PATTERN**  
**F3981.**—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make girl's bloomers. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 yd. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



**F3983.**—Small girl's sun frock and matching stole. The dress is accented with white, the stole has a fringed trim. Sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  yds. 36in. striped material,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 yd. 36in. contrast material, and 1 yd. fringed edging. Price 3/9.

**F3988.**—Front-buttoned summer house-gown. Sizes 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust for 12, 14, 16, and 18 years. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material and 2 yds. edging. Price 4/6.

**F3985.**—Girl's tailored long-sleeved shirt-blouse. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



F3982

**F3982.**—Prettily styled child's long or short skirted party dress, also suitable for a flowergirl. Sizes: Lengths 33, 37, 42, and 48in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 yds. 36in. material and 2 yds. flowered edging. Price 3/9.

**F3984.**—Small girl's smart beltless one-piece. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

**F3986.**—Attractively styled teenage party dress. The pattern includes instructions for a long and short skirt. Sizes 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust for 12, 14, 16, and 18 years. Requires 6 yds. 36in. material for street-length and 8 yds. 36in. material for floor-length. Price 3/9.

**F3987.**—Short-sleeved tailored blouse and separate flared skirt designed for the 12-to-18 year age group. Sizes 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust for 12, 14, 16, and 18 years. Requires 3 yds. 36in. material for skirt and 2 yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price 3/9.



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**FASHION** Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4000, G.P.O. Sydney). Fashionists readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

**No. 143.—SMALL GIRL'S FROCK AND MATCHING PANTIES.**  
 The frock and panties are obtainable cut out ready to make. The frock features a white trim, matched to an animal motif applique. The material is printed Caesar cotton, featuring a colored half-line check on a white ground. The color choice includes red, blue, and green. Sizes: Lengths 17in. for 1 year 21 1/2, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 18in. for 2 years 21 3/4, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 19in. for 3 years 22 1/2, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 20in. for 4 years 23 1/2, postage and registration 1/6 extra.

**No. 144.—BOY'S SMOCK AND MATCHING PANTS.**  
 The smock is matched to the girl's frock No. 143 and is available with matching pants, cut out ready to make in the same material and color choice as No. 143. Sizes 17in. for 1 year 21 1/2, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 18in. for 2 years 21 3/4, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 19in. for 3 years 22 1/2, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 20in. for 4 years 23 1/2, postage and registration 1/6 extra.

**No. 145.—APRON.**  
 Practical kitchen apron designed with two pockets holding two pot-holders is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is headcloth, obtainable in blue, green, pink, lemon, white, and natural. The bias binding is not supplied. Price 15/11, postage and registration 1/3 extra.

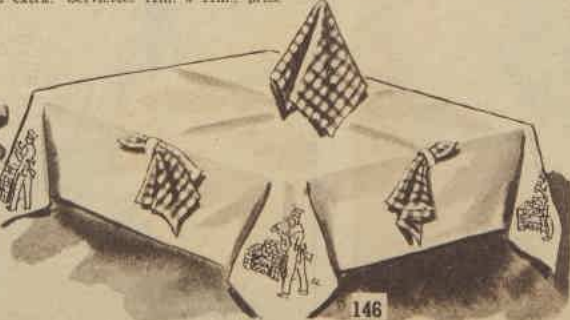
**No. 146.—BARBECUE CLOTH AND SERVIETTES.**  
 The cloth and serviettes are obtainable cut out ready to make. The cloth is headcloth in blue, green, pink, and lemon. The serviettes are check cotton; the color choice includes red and white, blue and white, green and white. Sizes: Cloth 36in. x 36in., price 15/11, postage and registration 1/3 extra. Serviettes 11in. x 11in., price 1/3, postage 3d. extra.



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145



146

# Fashion PATTERNS

F3988

## SPARKLING DRINK

ends  
stomach  
upsets



cools and refreshes  
while it does you good

Eno is a mild but most efficient antacid—never causes an upset, but gives quick and positive relief. That's because of Eno's special buffering antacid action. When you overeat, or eat something that doesn't agree with you, take Eno—in eight seconds you'll feel better.

Cooling, sparkling Eno is such a refreshing and exhilarating health drink, too—so necessary in the hotter weather. It tones up the system, keeps it clean, active and healthy. Eno is safe for all the family, particularly children and those with delicate stomachs.



## ENO

SPARKLING ANTACID  
'FRUIT SALT'

*"They'll whisper about you!"*



Body odours  
do offend

Play safe—use  
**MUM**

**MUM** Cream Deodorant with the miracle ingredient M3 eliminates perspiration odour by eliminating odour-forming bacteria. Mum will not harm or stain your clothing—nor will it irritate your skin. Mum is smooth, creamy, easy to apply; the merest touch gives you instant bath-to-bath protection.



People will whisper . . . and take care to avoid you . . . if you don't take care with your personal freshness!

Safeguard your personal freshness by always using a touch of Mum after your bath or shower.

And MUM stays creamy to the bottom of the jar.

**MUM** keeps you nice to be near  
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

M2-5-8/DC

FOR BATHS, POTS, PANS, WASH BASINS, SINKS.



Save! Get the big 14-oz. economy tin of faster-working OLD DUTCH to-day

Page 61



# Arnott's famous Xmas Cakes



Arnott's famous Christmas Cakes are now available in two or three lb sizes packed in beautifully printed tins of lasting use.

Buy also and put aside one of these cakes for Easter or special occasions to come, whilst they are available over Christmas. Good cakes keep and even mature with age.

Order from your grocer now and avoid disappointment.



There is no Substitute for Quality

## Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, with  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and  
PRINCESS NARDA: Are captured by natives in the "Sleeping Woods." As they are about to be sacrificed to the Flower God, Mandrake ges-

tures hypnotically and the Flower God seems to come alive. The natives flee in terror. Masking their faces with water-soaked pads, the three hasten through the "Sleeping Woods" to the shore, where the yacht Ocean Wind waits. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED



# INDIGESTION?

## YOU NEED Hardy's INDIGESTION POWDER

(also available in tablet form)

Proved over years in thousands of cases NO DIETING NECESSARY

The SECRET of a matchless, miracle complexion



## Mercolized Wax Cream

THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM

Massage each night with Mercolized Wax instead of ordinary face cream. By morning, the miracle has begun... the miracle of a luring, lovable complexion. Use as a make-up base too.



## CURLYPET

Makes baby's hair GROW CURLY—4 weeks' treatment. 3/6 Everywhere.

## Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

## Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

## Staisweet

BABY MAGAZINE, published monthly, gives advice on problems of motherhood. Price 2/- per copy at all newsagents, or send 24/- for 12 monthly issues to Baby Magazine, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 21, 1955

## TEENA by Linda Terry



## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

**"AVRIL."**—Frill-trimmed short-cut summer nightgown made in flower-printed plisse. The color choice includes pink, blue, lemon, and aqua, all printed in a fine black flower design. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 56/6; 36 and 38in. bust 57/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 56/6; 36 and 38in. bust 57/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

**"PENELOPE."**—Gussie panties in flowered plisse. The color choice includes pink, blue, aqua, lemon, all printed in a fine black flower design. Ready to Wear: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist 23/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist 13/6. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

**"MINETTE."**—Smartly styled one-piece dress in a flower-printed disciplined cotton. The color choice includes grey with green and blue, pink with green and cyclamen, grey with red and green, and blue with green and grey. Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 78/6; 36 and 38in. bust 79/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 58/6; 36 and 38in. bust 59/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

## MORE AND MORE AUSTRALIANS

are enjoying the natural way to regularity—without purgatives



ON TOUR WITH THE TEAM it's important to keep fit! Fitness begins with regularity, so thousands of Australian sportsmen enjoy this nut-sweet breakfast cereal—and keep regular the natural way.

Most constipation has a very simple cause: lack of natural bulk in the soft, highly-refined foods we eat. When we try to correct the condition with purgatives two things happen. We become dependent on larger and larger doses of these habit-forming drugs, and the unnatural forcing action leaves us tired, headachy and washed out.

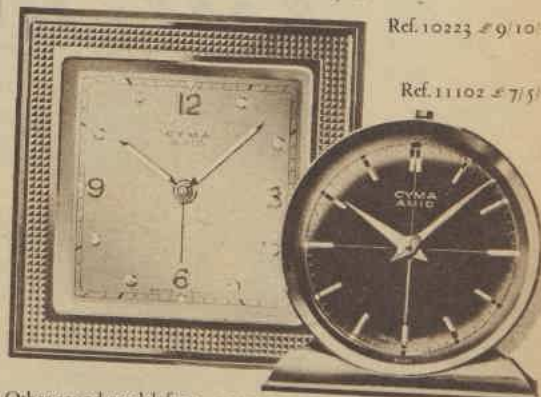
### A FOOD—NOT A MEDICINE

The only way to correct constipation is to put bulk back into your diet. When you enjoy All-Bran, Kellogg's nut-sweet whole-bran cereal, every morning with hot or cold milk, or combined with other cereals, your system func-

tions naturally, without harsh laxatives. All-Bran is prepared from the nutritious outer layers of the wheat grain, rich in the B vitamins, phosphorus, niacin and iron, so it builds you up at the same time.

ALL-BRAN IS A TRADE MARK OF KELLOGG (AUST.) PTY. LTD. AB55-9

## New look... New precision



Other round models from £5/5/-

ONLY the Cyma-AMIC can take the hard knocks of travel life or become a treasured table time-piece at home. A twist of the wrist winds both alarm and precision 10-jewel movement... the big sweep hand sets your waking to the minute. Available also with a handsome leather travel case.

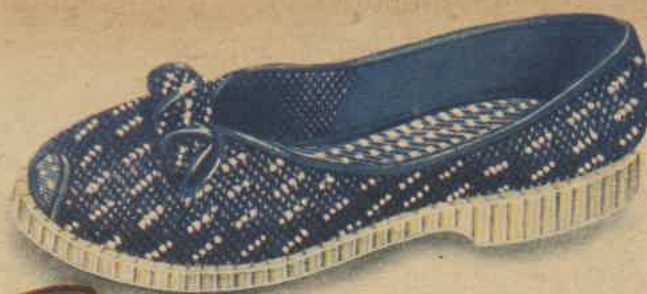
CYMA

The Swiss alarm clock of precision

## AMIC



DAFINE—Open-toe  
Grecian slipper of  
flocked denim in  
yellow, red, blue and  
burgundy.



PAPEETA—  
In red and blue mesh  
flocked with white.

*for all the  
girls on  
your list...  
a pair of Pullman*

GINA  
Mesh front, spotted  
denim backs. In red,  
blue and black  
with yellow.



Their eyes will  
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undo the wrappings  
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comfort designed to flatter every foot.  
With Pullman you not only give foot  
loveliness but you give the comfort  
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